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THE CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND BY POST, 630.



PRESENTATION OF LONG SERVICE MEDALS TO VOLUNTEERS AT THE LONDON SCOTTISH DRILL HALL, WESTMINSTER.

OUR NOTE BOOK. BY JAMES PAYN.

A "failure of justice" is not an unwelcome event to everybody. A prisoner the other day, being put upon his trial for some offence, pleaded "Guilty." "Stop a minute," said the clerk of the court. "I am afraid, my Lord, there has been a little mistake here. The indictments seem to have been somehow mixed up. With respect to the prisoner at the bar, the grand jury has thrown out the bill." The face of "the Court" was observed to lengthen, while that of the audience had unmistakably begun to broaden. During a silence much relieved by smiles, the Judge remarked, "The prisoner is discharged." He did not add, as usual, "He leaves the court without a stain upon his character"; but if he had been overwhelmed with eulogies, he could not have departed with a more gratified expression of countenance. There are some people who venture to express their doubts about the utility of grand juries, but we may be sure that there is one person at least who to the last day of his life will always have a good word to say for them.

It is not stated whether he thanked the grand jury; perhaps there were too many of them to thank them individually, but it is not unprecedented in somewhat similar circumstances for a prisoner to express his obligations. Anster, the translator of "Faust," was fortunate enough to get off an interesting-looking young Irishman accused of an agrarian murder. Some years afterwards the counsel, while absorbed over some papers late one night, heard a knock at his door, and opened it himself. He had always an absent manner, and though he recognised his former client, forgot his name, and confused it with that of the murdered man. "What, Kelly!" he exclaimed. "No, your honour," was the reply, "I am the boy that shot him, come to thank you." The recipient of this gratitude used to say he felt as if he had been shot, himself.

Mr. Anster had not the presence of mind of Lord Cockburn. Though a successful defender of prisoners, the latter failed on one occasion to get an acquittal for a murderer. "The culprit," Mr. Croak James tells us, in his "Curiosities of Law and Lawyers," "after the sentence fixing his execution for the 20th of the month, had not been removed from the dock when his counsel passed him, and was then seized by the gown. The prisoner said, 'I have not got justice, Mr. Cockburn.' To this counsel gravely replied, 'Perhaps not, but you 'll get it on the 20th.'"

It has often been asked of late what is the cause of the great financial improvement in the affairs of novelists of recent years, and there have been various explanations of it: the growing taste for fiction, the increasing number of readers, and the stress and strain of the modern struggle for existence, which drive us to imaginative works for recreation. All these doubtless have their influence, but the great financial factor in the matter has been the introduction of the serial novel. The system came over to us first from France, where it had long flourished as the feuilleton. We were slow, as in the case of all innovations, to accept it, but having once done so, its popularity grew by leaps and bounds. For years, however, it was restricted in its operation. One magazine used it, and when it was finished the story came out in book form. This gave the author two payments where he had formerly got but one. Even then some folks objected to the serial issue. "I never read a novel," they said, "till it is finished: I can't carry the thing in my head from month to month." But others must have thought otherwise, since it was generally found that a magazine without a serial did not prosper. Then they got to have two, and even sometimes three serials. This, of course, benefited more authors. Then came the newspaper syndicate, which published half-adozen and more editions of the same serial. This was really "found money." The more popular the author was the more newspapers subscribed for his story. Then there were the American and Colonial serial editions of the same novel; so that it came about that, unless the novelist was an exceptional favourite with the public, he actually received a larger sum for his serial rights than for the novel itself in book form. It may be thought that his circulation in this latter shape is injured by its previous issue, but this does not seem to be the case; indeed, so far as the newspaper syndicate is concerned, his readers are altogether a different class from that which subscribes to the circulating libraries, or which patronises fiction to the extent of purchasing it.

One of the results of the serial system in literature has been the creation of the middleman—that is, the literary agent. It is doubtful whether he would have been evolved had novelists been restricted to the volume form. The literary agent tells them, "I can say things of your work" (in the way of eulogy) "that you can hardly say yourself, and thereby get a better price for it from the publisher"; but I have known authors who are capable of speaking of their own productions quite as highly as anyone could speak for them. Where the middleman is most useful is in "placing" the work as a serial: he makes it his business to know what periodicals are in want of stories—information which is out of the reach of his client—besides, of course, taking all the trouble and annoyance of bargaining off his hands. Of the universal

adoption of the serial novel there can be hardly a greater proof than the fact that there is one to be found in the current number of the weekly edition of the *Times*.

When the time arrives for the literary agent to (posthumously) reveal his secrets he will tell us some unexpected tales about the popularity of authors, and especially in connection with their serials. It is not the best novelist who is most readily welcome in this form. His knowledge of human life may be indisputable, he may have the most charming style, and the art "of making the thing that is not as the thing that is" in a high degree, and yet all will not avail him if he has not a story to tell. What is stranger still, he may have a story and a good one, which, when the time is ripe—that is to say, when it appears in its volume form—will take the world by storm, and yet in the periodical in which it first appears as a serial it may make no impression whatever, nor increase its circulation by a single copy. I am not quite sure, but I think "The Woman in White" came under this category.

Though Mr. Irving has been lately telling us the Stage, as regards its treatment by the public, is capable of much improvement, there is no calling which has taken such leaps and bounds of late years in the way of appreciation. The liberties which were in old times taken with actors and actresses by the public and the Press were beyond belief. Not content with apportioning to them blame or praise, the newspapers actually suggested what their particular services were worth. "The high demands made by some actresses," observes the Times of exactly a hundred years ago, "are so exorbitant that we trust they will not be complied with. Mrs. Jordan and Storace have demandedthe first £30, and the latter £20, a night. Much as we admire the abilities of each on the stage, yet we know from experience that the higher the salaries of some performers are, the more they are prone to disrespect the public and to give themselves insufferable airs."

A fortnight afterwards it informs the world that "Mrs. Jordan has at last condescended to descend to her former situation at her former salary." Five years previously (in 1789) the Morning Post was so good as to express the opinion that this actress was underpaid: "It is said that Mrs. Jordan has but six pounds a week. Who will venture to say, considering the present attraction of her talent, this is an adequate recompense?" The theatrical gossip was certainly more personal than anything of the same kind nowadays: " Mrs. Jordan and Kemble, according to green-room report, are not upon the most amicable footing. It is supposed that the lady takes advantages of her popularity to be ill when she pleases, and has refused to perform in a farce when Mrs Siddons appears in the play, and for this modest reason—that she will not fill the house and let Mrs. Siddons run away with the reputation of it." Here is a more general imputation, but still hardly a civil one: "It has lately been a practice with one or two of the female performers at Drury Lane Theatre to refuse appearing on the stage, though much after the time of commencing the play, because the boxes may not happen to be filled with fashionable visitors, regardless of any disapprobation which may arise from the impatience of the audience. When the new theatre is erected for the managers of the old Drury, it is in contemplation to fix a clock over the stage where the inscription is now placed, that, if the performance should be improperly delayed and the audience become clamorous, the public may be informed to whom the blame should be applied."

"First nights" were as well attended as at present, and by quite as remarkable people. "The Prince of Wales was with Mrs. Fitzherbert and Mrs. Sheridan, in the box appropriated to his Royal Highness. Lord Thurlow sat apparently well pleased in the box beneath; Mr. and Mrs. Kemble and Mrs. Siddons saw that all was well in one of the orchestra boxes." It is curious how long the theatrical formula as regards reporting has been retained. The conclusion of the notice has, however, a novel air: "From the frequent encores the performance was not over till a late hour. The usual cry of 'Take care of your pockets!' in quitting the theatre was superfluous, for Townsend (the famous Bow Street runner) was in attendance." Townsend was as unlike the Sherlock Holmeses of our days as is possible to imagine: he was called "the Robin Redbreast," from his always wearing a red waistcoat. He made no concealment of his profession, and though a pushing, boastful fellow, was very courageous and quite indifferent to what odds were opposed to him. He was feared by the criminal classes as much as Jonathan Wild was in his day; though, unlike him, he was never in collusion with them. He always accompanied the Court to Brighton-

Of all the wigs in Brighton Town,
The black, the gray, the red, the brown,
So firmly glued upon the crown,
There's none like Johnny Townsend's.
It's silken hair, and flaxen hue,
It is a scratch, and not a queue,
Whene'er it pops upon the view,
It's known for Johnny Townsend's.

The continuation of the frost has brought forth a crop of remedies against the cold. One gentleman assures us "that fiend the open fire" is the chief cause of our shakes and shivers, and proposes as a substitute the stove. It is quite possible, of course, to get considerably warmer by various unpleasant methods, such as taking up one's quarters in the oven. I would almost as soon do that as be indebted for caloric to a stove. Its advocate quotes his experience of much colder regions, where stoves are doubtless absolutely necessary, but their discomfort is excessive. In America and Germany, among the richer classes, the open fireplace, which they have in addition to the stove, is much more highly esteemed and enjoyed. It is a spectacle which of itself promotes cheerfulness, whereas the stove only seems to promote expectoration. The heat it gives out is oppressive and unwholesome, and seldom unattended with a disagreeable smell; whereas half the pleasure of cold weather consists in stretching one's legs opposite the blazing hearth, watching, as in our childhood's days, the congregation and the parson going out of church on the glowing logs, or making pictures in our minds of the unreturning past in the caverns of the coal fire. One can warm oneself—if that was all that is wanted—by an arrangement of hot-water pipes.

What a strange story is that communicated by the Duke of Newcastle to the Globe concerning the loss of the President! He says that a trustworthy informant in the United States assured him that a sailor dying in an American port had confessed to having formed one of the crew of a pirate vessel which captured the great steam-ship. "Every soul on board was made to walk the plank and the ship was scuttled." The story seems incredible, yet it may be true, and the possibility of it gives one quite a shock. It is fifty years ago and more since the President disappeared from human sight, without, I believe, leaving a trace; the loss of no other vessel—for it was the first of the great passenger ships to go-has caused so great an excitement. How those at home clung to hope, some of them for years-for the notion of the crew being wrecked on some out-of-the-way island was eagerly adopted, and how many a heart was broken by the intolerable suspense! At last it was generally concluded that the ship had collided with an iceberg and foundered. And now comes this terrible story, which it is fortunate was not conceived of when it would have had the power to make those at home more miserable. It is not to be forgotten, however, that more than one story has been recently written upon this very subject—the capture and scuttling of a passenger steamer and it seems more likely that they have suggested the idea being adapted to the loss of the President than that a solitary pirate should have revealed such a long-kept

A once well-known individual who had "lived every day of his life" and gained from it a great experience, left the following advice (and little else) to his two sons: "Drink slow, do not mix your liquor, never sit with your backs to the fire." It was an excellent precept for the era in which it was given—the times when the dining-room door was kept locked that there might be no shirking the claret; and when the only chance at the circuit mess of escaping intoxication was to drop under the table "like the rest" (as Lord Cockburn tells us he did) and lie quietnay, even when our judges resented that discredit should be brought on drinking by misconduct. "We are told." said Lord Hermann, when trying a man in Edinburgh for manslaughter, "that there was no malice, and that the man must have been in liquor. In liquor? Why, he was drunk, and yet he murdered the very man that had been drinking with him. Good Heavens! if he will do this when he is drunk, what will he not do when he is sober?" Everybody drank, and much too much, in those days, but especially the upper classes. A well-known politician discharged his coachman for overturning him in his carriage. "I had certainly drunk too much, Sir," urged the poor man, "but I was not very drunk, and gentlemen, you know, sometimes get drunk." "I don't say you were very drunk for a gentleman," returned his master, "but you were exceedingly drunk for a coachman!"

In times such as those the precept above mentioned was really valuable, but by degrees the fashion of excess in liquor among the upper classes declined, and has now almost ceased. Indeed, both as to that and to excess in eating, matters have gone far in the other direction. What many doctors have long insisted upon is "diet" as a cure for every ill—a spare and monotonous regimen which the nervous invalid considers of immense importance, and never varies for a day. We know the sort of people who "live by rule," and pique themselves on their obedience to it: they may be excellent specimens of discipline as regards obedience to their medical advisers, but in the way of health and spirits they seem, to the layman's eye, very much below par. A writer in the Hospital has ventured to say, what those who are not doctor-ridden have long known to be the truth, that a monotony of diet is by no means to be recommended, and that "variety," and even in some cases a little excess, should occasionally be indulged in. No debauch, of course, is suggested, nor is a man to eat what he knows to disagree with him; but, "a good glass of wine" now and then not only makes one, as the Scripture says, "of a cheerful countenance," but is good for both heart and brain. I hope this excellent advice, proceeding as it does from authority, will effect the emancipation of those slaves to "diet," some of whom every reader will have in his mind.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND.

In point of richness and variety the English Cathedrals have little to envy their Continental neighbours. For the student of architecture they are even more interesting than any other series of contemporary buildings, in view of the fact that they indicate most clearly the cleavage between our insular architects-often left much to their own independent judgment — and the more straitened foreigners, who were content to follow the general stream of taste, as the stately simplicity of Aix-la-Chapelle developed into the flamboyant eccentricities of Bourges and Chartres. Gothic architecture in some form or another was dominant from Roeskilde to Freiburg in Breisgau, and even south of the Alps as well as west of the Rhone it was not wholly resisted, though profoundly modified by the Romanesque. In this country a very different process was going forward, for although in the earlier times our prelates drew their ideas as well as their architects from Normandy and Anjou, a very short sojourn here seemed to modify their aims and ideas.

It is impossible to decide the chronological order in which our present cathedrals were first built. Some of them were sacked and burnt by the enemies of

the faith, others fell victims to the accidents of fire and tempest, while others again were re built in a more sumptuous style, so that little of the original structures in any case remains. It may, however, be broadly said that, of the present edifices, Rochester, Lincoln, Durham, and Ely can probably show the most traces of the original work, although in other cases the original designs were carried out at a later date. The age of religious fervour in later date. The age of religious fervour in England may be taken to have lasted from the time when the Norman ruler came to be generally accepted until the age of Wycliffe, when we first trace on the horizon the false dawn which heralded the true revival of letters. "Ceci tuera cela." The spirit was to work through new channels, and no longer would men symbolise by stately buildings the faith which had hitherto moved them.

Lincoln Cathedral perched upon the

faith which had hitherto moved them.

Lincoln Cathedral, perched upon the summit of a steep hill—perhaps the most picturesquely situated of all the English cathedrals—owes its present grandeur to the devotion and consummate genius of Bishop Hugh of Avalon, who rebuilt the church after its almost total destruction by an earthquake. Of the original Norman building due to Bishop Remigius of Fécamp little was left, and the great cathedral belongs building due to Bishop Remigius of Fécamp little was left, and the great cathedral belongs almost entirely to the Early English style. From the central tower, which dates from a later period, those bells have rung out across the fens the passing hours, and through the exquisite rose windows, "the Dean's Eye and the Bishop's Eye," the sun has thrown its bright beams, for more than six hundred years. Durham, which alone rivals Lincoln in position—and, in addition, is flanked by the Castle, recalling the names of many a militant bishop—is unrivalled in its Galilee and its Chapel of the Nine Altars. The former was said to have been erected for the use of women who were forbidden the use of the women who were forbidden the use of the Church, but now it is more noteworthy as being the actual or legendary resting-place of the bones of the Venerable Bede. At Chester the canopies of the stalls and the Miserere-seats are the chief objects of special interest, ranking among the finest specimens of wood-carving extant. At Exeter the stone walls and roof, the clustered pillars of Purbeck marble; at Salisbury (the finest and most perfect specimen of the Early English or Pointed style) the imposing spire and the cloisters; at Wells the inverted arches and the beautiful Lady Chapel, and at Ely the octagon and the western choir—specimens of pure Decorated—are the features which will arrest the attention of the most casual visitor. Church, but now it is more noteworthy as

York and Canterbury, the great centres of religious life for so many generations, belong as they now stand to much the same period. The west front of the former is regarded as more architecturally perfect than that of any other English cathedral; while at Canterbury the Transept of Martyrdom and the Black Prince's monument recall events never to be forgotten in the ecclesiastical and military history of England.

THE WEATHER: SCENES ON THE THAMES AND MERSEY, AND AT HAMPSTEAD.

Signs of the coming thaw have become, during the last few days, as "welcome as the flowers in spring." Even "the oldest inhabitant," who has obtained a certain importance by his recollection of the great frosts of the past, will be glad to retire from the public gaze, and cease to shiver with the cold. Only the skaters will have a lingering regret when the ponds and lakes cease to be thronged by day and by night — as one of our Illustrations depicts—with a whirling mass of athletes enjoying their unusual sport. The householder is beginning to say that he has had enough of the frost, with its sequel of burst water-pipes and frozen gas-pipes; the traveller will gladly relinquish the unsatisfactory hot-water tin which railway officials, especially at Waterloo, have urged upon him. The great army of the poor and distressed will-oh, so gladly! see in the thaw the signs of another sunshine beyond the natural, a sunshine in which they can hope to get work and food. The Thames has presented an extraordinary spectacle: the London bridges have been thronged with

hungry gulls in hundreds, which rest for a moment on the ice-floes on the surface of the water, and then flash their white pinions in the air, and fly quite close to the crowds who gaze at the hungry birds. At Kingston the river has been so thoroughly frozen that numbers of persons have had the memorable experience of crossing the Thames on foot. Another of our Illustrations shows the effect of the frost on the Mersey.

THE LATE ARCHDUKE ALBRECHT.

Only second to the Austrian Emperor in popularity was the Archduke Friedrich Rudolph Albrecht, who died on Feb. 18 at his country seat at Arco, near Vienna. He was the eldest son of Archduke Karl and Princess Henrietta of Nassau-Weilburg, and was born in the Austrian capital on Aug. 3, 1817. Very early he adopted a military career, in which renown came also early to him. At the age of twenty-three he was raised to the rank of major-general, and commenced, in 1843, that keen interest in manœuvres which continued to the end. In Marshal Radetzky's Italian campaign of 1849 the young Archduke displayed a courses and enthysics. young Archduke displayed a courage and enthusiasm which secured for him the Maria Theresa Order. When peace was obtained, he was appointed to various military posts, filling them with unequal success. He was Commander-in-Chief of the 3rd Army Corps, and Military and

THE LATE ARCHDUKE ALBRECHT OF AUSTRIA.

Civil Governor of Hungary from 1851 to 1860. In the latter year he commanded the 8th Army Corps at Vicenza, being promoted to the rank of field marshal three years later. But it was as the victorious commander at Custozza, in 1866, that the Archduke earned the nation's gratitude and put the seal upon his reputation as a general. Assuming, a fortnight afterwards, the entire command of the Austrian army, he inspired it with fresh valour, and in the peace which followed the Archduke took an honourable part. He had been Inspector-General of the Army since 1869, and never diminished his remarkable interest in military matters, on which he wrote several books. He did not limit his outlook to his native land, for he travelled over a large part of Europe, and kept himself au courant with military developments all over the world. In the social life of Vienna no figure was more familiar or more respected than that of the venerable Archduke. He was extremely wealthy, and also extremely generous. Besides owning great estates in different districts of the empire, he possessed large ironworks, which yielded him a very high revenue, much of which was annually distributed in gifts. Fifty years ago he married the Princess Hildegarde of Bavaria, but she and two of her children long ago predeceased the Archduke, whose only surviving child is the Archduchess Maria Theresa, wife of Duke Philip of Würtemberg.

PRESENTATION OF LONG-SERVICE MEDALS TO VOLUNTEERS.

At last the veteran members of our citizen army have received a royal token of approval for their faithful services. On Feb. 14, at the headquarters of the London Scottish Volunteer Corps, James Street, Westminster, General Lord Methuen presented the long-service medals

awarded to the Volunteers of the Home District. About nine thousand of the rank and file have up to the present been awarded the medal, which, as Lord Methuen said, "shows that the services you have rendered to your country have obtained the same esteem from the Queen as that have obtained the same esteem from the Queen as that already shown to the officers." It was a very picturesque spectacle which the Drill-hall displayed with its companies of smart Volunteers of the Artillery headed by Colonel Pearson, R.A., the Engineers commanded by Colonel Althorpe, R.E., the West London Brigade under Colonel Trotter, the East London Brigade under Colonel Lord Arthur Wellesley, the South London Brigade under Colonel Gascoigne, the Surrey Brigade commanded by Lord Belhaven, and the Home Counties Brigade under Lord Wantage.

"THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING ERNEST."

The eclipse of Mr. George Alexander's fortunes at the St. James's Theatre has been very brief. To the delicate, but unhappily obscure comedy of Mr. Henry James has succeeded a piece of delightful nonsense by Mr. Oscar Wilde. In this case, at all events, there can be no quarrel between Mr. Wilde and his critics about his dramatic psychology, for "The Importance of Being Ernest" is pure farce, and offers no problem whatever to the

analytic mind of the average playgoer. The author has very adroitly provided fun for people who laugh easily and for people who are more fastidious. It is not everybody who, having been told that the hero was who, having been told that the hero was found when a baby in a black bag in a cloak - room at a railway - station, is eager to see the bag. On the other hand, there are humorists who do not fully grasp this entertaining idea till the bag is presented to their gaze, with the initials of the governess who inadvertently put the baby into this receptacle by mistake for the manuscript of a three-volume novel. So when Mr. Alexander is heard ransacking a box-room, and when he a three-volume novel. So when Mr. Alexander is heard ransacking a box-room, and when he reappears with the bag which is to establish his identity as a man of aristocratic lineage, the delight in a certain part of the theatre knows no bounds. Less literal playgoers are more amused by the colloquy between Mr. Alexander and Miss Rose Leclercq, who points out to him that a suitor for her daughter's hand cannot expect that young lady to marry into a cloak - room. The most successful situation in the farce is the appearance of Mr. Alexander in deep mourning for the loss of an imaginary brother who at that moment is personated by Mr. Allan Aynesworth in the course of an adventure described worth in the course of an adventure described as "Bunburying." Bunbury is a mythical friend who has a habit of summoning Mr. Aynesworth to his sick bed when that young gentleman finds it convenient to disappear. I seem to recognise in Bunburya device that has done duty in bygone plays. In "Pink Dominoes," for instance, it was the state of the cotton market at Manchester that compelled a flighty gentleman to make a pretence of leaving town on the receipt of a telegram which ran, "Keep your eye on Surats!" But if Mr. Wilde has not invented an absolutely new deception for the purposes of farce, his Bunbury is a delicious notion for all that, and it is handled with precisely the right touch of irresponsibility by Mr. Aynesworth, whose mercurial genius even includes the capacity for eating muffins as if they were air. There is an excellent contrast between this insouciance and Mr. Alexander's demure gravity; and where shall we look for the seem to recognise in Bunbury a device that between this insouciance and Mr. Alexander's demure gravity; and where shall we look for the spirit of whimsical comedy if not in Miss Rose Leclercq? All the characters talk Mr. Oscar Wilde's proverbial wisdom quite naturally, and I am not in the least surprised when a butler, enlightening his master, ascribes the extravagant consumption of champagne by servants in a bachelor's household to the superiority of the brand. In such a fantasy the maxims which Mr. Wilde produces with such ease from a rather familiar pattern, if not all of equal

such ease from a rather familiar pattern, if not all of equal merit, are thoroughly at home.

TO A BRUNETTE.

Thy proud dark beauty is beyond compare-Queen of the Night art thou! And burning thro' the misty midnight air, A million stars are shining on thy brow— Queen of the Night, Queen of the Night art thou!

Round are thy breasts as is a ripened moon— Queen of the Night art thou! And sweet thy voice as is the gentle tune The night wind at thy feet is singing now Queen of the Night, Queen of the Night art thou!

No shadow dark as that dark hair of thine-Queen of the Night art thou No goblet of the darkest ruby wine
So richly crimson as thy lips I trow—
Queen of the Night, Queen of the Night art thou!

To thee the moonlight and the stars belong-Queen of the Night art thou Queen of the midnight dance and midnight song, Queen of the moonlight kiss and moonlight vow Queen of the Night, Queen of the Night art thou!

Thy dark eyes change the shadows into fire-Queen of the Night art thou!

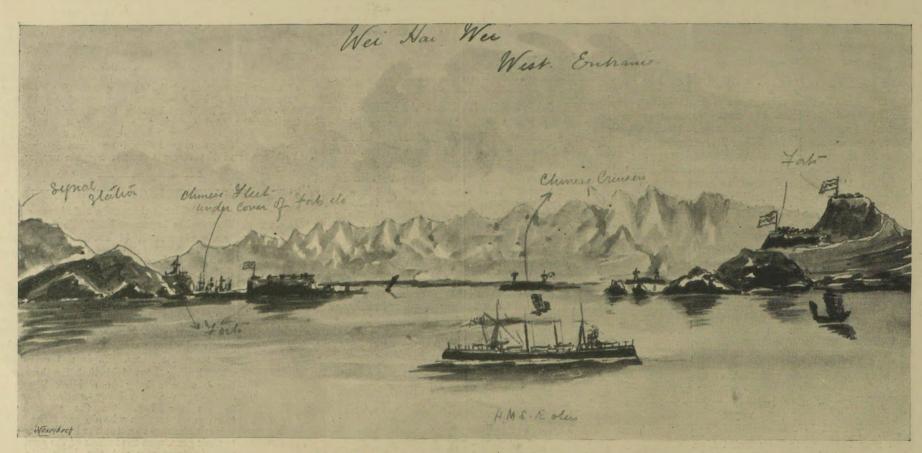
Thy dark eyes fill my pulses with desire!

O Queen! before thy starry throne I bow!

Queen of my heart, Queen of my heart art thou!

RONALD CAMPBELL MACFIE.

THE WAR IN EASTERN ASIA.

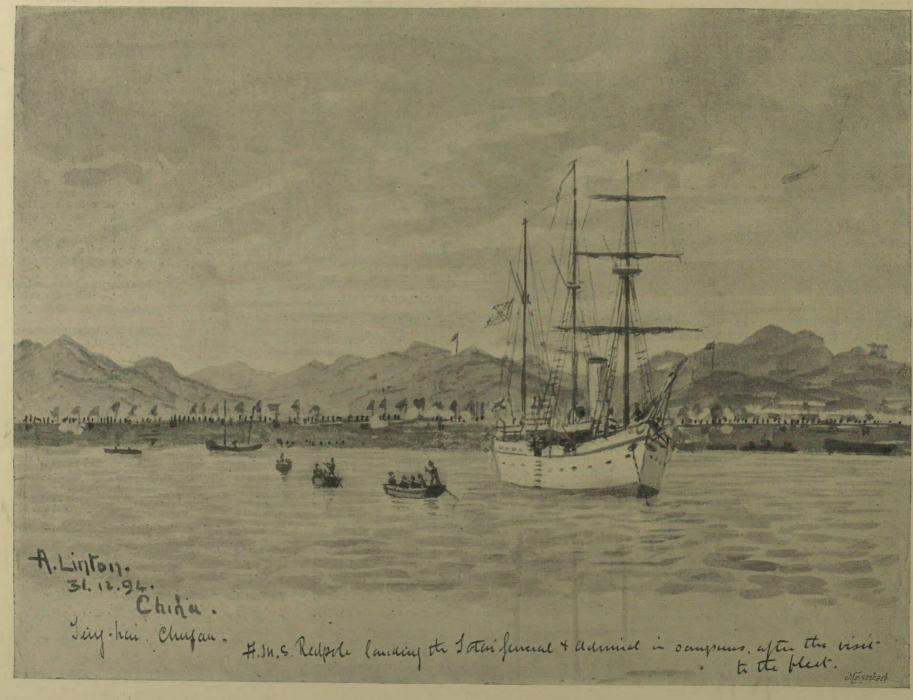


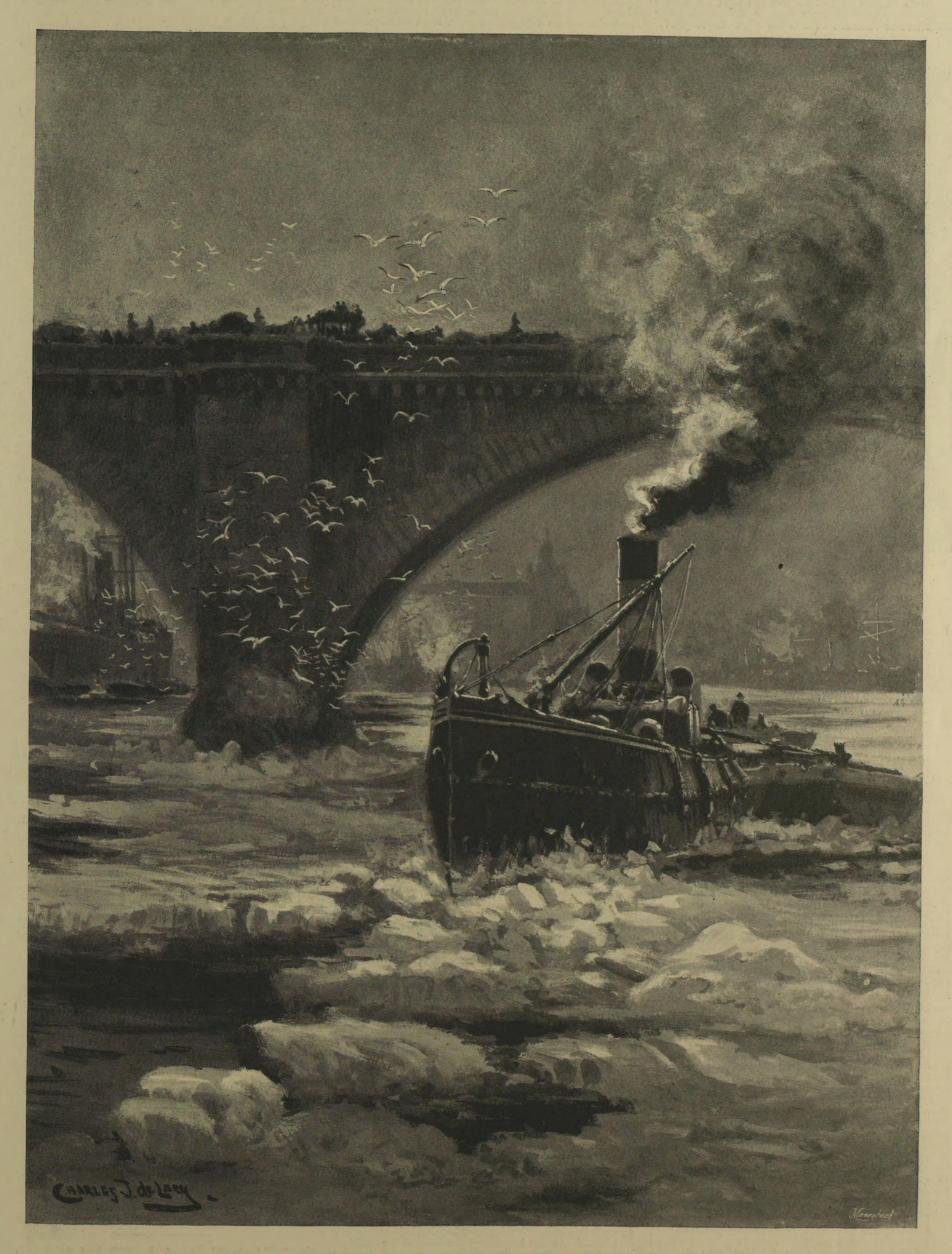
Facsimile of a Sketch by Mr. James Fuller, H.M.S. " Æolus."

Wei-hai-Wei is a name which has become sadly prominent in recent war news from the Far East. A correspondent on board H.M.S. Æolus, writing on Jan. 8, sends the two accompanying Illustrations of the east and west entrances to Wei-hai-Wai Harbour. He says that while cruising with the fleet on Jan. 6 they were signalled to proceed as close as possible to Wei-hai-Wei. On approaching the east entrance, a signal from the Chinese announced that the Æolus was in immediate danger, owing to mines and torpedoes

being laid in its vicinity. With the aid of a glass, nine of the Chinese fleet could be seen moored inside the harbour. The £olus then hauled off, and proceeded to the west entrance, observing that all the forts were directing their guns towards her. As reported in our last issue, Wei-hai-Wei has since fallen before the attack of the Japanese, who regard the capture of this important arsenal as a very great achievement. It is stated that the Europeans who took part in the fighting are on board

the British cruiser Severn. The ironclad Chen-Yuen and the six gun-boats captured by the Japanese are to be repaired at Wei-hai-Wei. An American who had pledged his word to the Japanese not to take sides in the conflict, but who yet did so, is to be tried by court-martial for this offence. An English captain who witnessed the assault on Wai-hai-Wei, says that he was struck with the apparent absence of hope in the Chinese, as a contrast to the confidence of their enemies.





THE FROZEN THAMES: A STUDY AT LONDON BRIDGE, LOOKING EAST.

PERSONAL.

A very gracious and useful life has just been closed by the death, on Feb. 16, of the Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley. She was much more than a link with the past, she was an active force in the present. She had warmed her hands at both sides of the fire, had lived for eighty-seven years, most of them dans le mouvement. Her reminiscences stretched back to the reign of George IV.,



THE LATE DOWAGER LADY STANLEY OF ALDERLEY.

to whom she was presented; she was present at the Queen's coronation, and also at the great Jubilee service in Westminster Abbey. Names such as those of Carlyle, Guizot, O'Connell, would cause the chords of her memory to "vibrate once more," as she told with delightful vivacity her experiences of the great for nearly seventy years. The Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley was the daughter of the thirteenth Lord Dillon, and was born at Halifax, Nova Scotia. At the age of seven she came with her father to reside at Florence. In 1826 she married Mr. Edward Stanley, eldest son of Sir John Stanley, who held many official positions, including that of Postmaster-General. Sir John Stanley was created Baron Stanley of Alderley, and his son was called to the House of Lords during the lifetime of his father as Baron Eddisbury, in 1848. Two years later he succeeded to the barony of Stanley of Alderley, dying in 1869.

Lady Stanley of Alderley had keen literary sympathies, and her salon was frequented by most of the rising stars. Many saw her venerable figure at Mr. F. Harrison's commemoration lecture on Gibbon quite recently, and few important functions in London were without her presence. She could have sympathised with James Russell Lowell, who, passing the Hospital for Incurable Children, said that that was the home for him. To the last Lady Stanley loved to hear of new things and people. Her energy was remarkable. Only a few days before her death she had attended a committee meeting of the Girls' Public Day-School Company, in which, as well as in Girton College, she was greatly interested. The surviving eight members of her family include the present Lord Stanley of Alderley and Mr. Lyulph Stanley, and there are no less than eighty grandchildren and great-grandchildren to cherish the memory of her strong - minded, sensible, and striking personality.

It is impossible, as the Duke of Connaught said, to read without emotion the letter sent by Miss Florence Nightingale appealing for generous financial help to St. Thomas's Hospital. Apart from the unparalleled position which Miss Nightingale holds, she has especial right to plead for the famous hospital wherein she has spent many months in later years. She knows the wants of St. Thomas's as well as anyone living; she knows, too, its splendid work carried on by "the wise and liberal devotion of the doctors"; and therefore her letter has the more influence in asking for £100,000 towards the opening of many wards in the hospital which are now closed. Miss Nightingale sent a promise of £100 to the meeting which was held on Feb. 13, at the Mansion House, wishing she could make it £1000. The Queen has promised £100, the Duke of Devonshire 100 guineas, and other donations were announced. It is sincerely to be hoped that Mr. J. G. Wainwright, the treasurer, will be the recipient of other liberal gifts in aid of such a good cause.

Somebody has hit upon a brilliant plan to bring about the payment of members of the House of Commons without any special enactment. It is pointed out that witnesses summoned specially before a Royal Commission have their expenses paid by the State. Why should not the legislator send in a little bill to the Treasury for his maintenance as the representative of a constituency? If the Treasury ignored the account, the injured member might introduce

it in the Committee of Ways and Means. He might even go to the length of dunning the Chancellor of the Exchequer personally by handing him the bill in the House. It is evident that the idea has great possibilities, and that nothing is so attractive about it as its practical feasibility.

The appointment of Lord Acton as Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge is the first public advancement of a Roman Catholic citizen in the University since the reign of James II. Lord Acton

the reign of James II. Lord Acton was a pupil of Dr. Döllinger, and his views as a Catholic are distinguished by unusual independence. He is, moreover, one of the most learned men in England, though his repute does not rest upon his published works, which are scanty. Lord Acton, who is a member of the present Administration in the shape of a Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen, is one of Mr. Gladstone's closest friends, and everybody knows the great regard which the late Prime Minister has for his knowledge and judgment. How Lord Acton will treat the traditions of the Chair of History at Cambridge it is difficult to say, for he has little in common with the associations of his predecessors, but of the adequacy of his equipment there can be no question.

There is trouble again with the Khedive. Abbas is said to be making a stubborn resistance to, British influence, and to be paying indiscreet attention to the vapouring of a French journalist at Cairo about the readiness of France to interfere on behalf of Egyptian independence. The Khedive must be very visionary if he indulges in any hopes of an independent sovereignty. It is the destiny of Egypt to remain in tutelage. If British authority were withdrawn, all the labours of Lord Cromer and his coadjutors would crumble away. Western ideas cannot take permanent root among a Moslem people.

The Rev. William Page Roberts, whose appointment to a canonry of Canterbury has just been announced, has been for some years one of the most popular preachers at the West End. He has not a style, however, which attracts the masses; but to the thoughtful and cultured mind his sermons are very welcome. In his

sermons are very welcome. In his congregation one always sees several members of Parliament. He has a deliciously unconventional manner in the pulpit, and his sermons are always interesting. He takes infinite pains with his sermons, not only in the preparation of the matter, but also in regard to the manner of delivery—a point to which too little importance is paid by the average clergyman. He is a widely read man, and his discourses are usually full of information of the most varied kind. He will be a distinct acquisition to the preaching power of the cathedral staff at Canterbury. He has held his present charge, that of minister of St. Peter's, Vere Street, Marylebone, since 1878. Previously to that he was Vicar of Eye (1864-78), and Curate of St. Thomas's, Stockport (1861-64). He is a member of St. John's College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1861. He has written one or two volumes of sermons.

As we write there is every prospect of a break-up of the extraordinary frost. Skaters have no reason to grumble, for they have enjoyed an exceptionally long spell of their favourite recreation, and the relief to the very poor is incalculable. Among those who are rejoicing in the thaw must be the proprietors of Niagara Hall, where a delightful surface of artificial ice is available for skaters driven by a mild temperature from lake and pond.

The London water companies have suffered a good deal of odium during the frost. It has been contended that if they cannot keep the pipes from freezing the companies have no right to claim full payment of the water rates. It seems that they have this right by statute, but it is said that in many cases they cut the water off, and if that be true there is likely to be litigation to determine whether a company can stop the supply and then expect to be paid.

The seventh of the series of London Symphony Concerts, given on Thursday, Feb. 14, at the Queen's Hall, was a faint but assured success, under Mr. Henschel's conducting. Miss Palliser was the vocalist, and sang with some vigour and vitality, but scarcely with extreme distinction. Her interpretation of Senta's ballad seemed, so far as effort was concerned, to be fiery enough; but, in result, her effect was singularly inadequate. She sang Elsa's Dream (from "Lohengrin") with greater success, but hardly with the sweet tenderness and rapturous peace which were surely purposed by the composer. Beethoven's Third Symphony ("Eroica") was played with vigour and some fineness of style, Mr. Henschel meanwhile directing with a gentlemanly air and a somewhat undesirable lack of passion. The "Good Friday's Spell from 'Parsifal'" was performed disappointingly: there was no vitality in it. When it was finished you wondered why it had ever begun and why it had ended. The fault was certainly not the fault of Wagner.

Several people have been thrown into hypnotic trances for the amusement of the public at the Aquarium. It is not easy to understand what the amusement of staring at a person in a hypnotic sleep may be; but it is noteworthy that in each case the hypnotised one declared, on awaking, that he or she felt much better for the experience. Another winter like the present may suggest to many people the expediency of hibernating by means of hypnotism as an inexpensive and comfortable way of passing the time. It might be useful, moreover, to anybody afflicted by importunate creditors,

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Church Quarterly Review contains a very severe attack on Archdeacon Farrar's "Life of Christ in Art." The reviewer sums up thus: "In a word, Dr. Farrar's knowledge of art is of the most shallow and superficial kind, and the book which he has produced is thoroughly untrustworthy."

That versatile Irishman, Dr. Mahaffy, of Dublin, is to deliver the St. Asaph Cathedral Lectures this year. The subject will be "True Religion Before Christianity." (1) The Contribution of the Japanese; (2) The Contribution of the Indians; (3) The Contribution of the Greeks; (4) The Contribution of the Jews. This is promising.

Lord Halifax has been delivering an address to the Bristol branch of the E.C.U. on "The Reunion of Christendom—England and Rome." It is published in a somewhat sensational manner by a leading High Church organ. Lord Halifax said that so far as the Church of England was concerned there had been no schism in the strict historical sense of the word. They had never renounced communion with Rome; there was nothing in the formal teaching of the Church of England which in the least degree implied the existence or the desirability of such a separation. On the contrary, it was distinctly repudiated, Priests in Roman orders might minister, members of the Roman communion might communicate at their altars. They desired from the bottom of their hearts to be allowed to make their confessions to and to receive their communions from the Roman clergy abroad. Lord Halifax thought that if the Pope would acknowledge the validity of the orders and sacraments of the Church of England the whole relation between the two communions would be put on quite a different footing—a footing which would facilitate other negotiations in their turn.

A new Welsh church is to be built in London in place of the iron structure now used by St. David's congregation at Paddington. A subscription of a thousand pounds has been received from Mr. Llewellyn, of Baglan Hall, Swansea, in addition to other similar subscriptions, and a valuable plot of ground has been given by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. The approximate cost of church and parsonage house would be £6000.

The Upper House of the Southern Convocation resolved, on the motion of the Bishop of London, to accept any responsibility in the matter of the consecration of Bishop Cabrera until after the Lambeth Conference has examined the standards of doctrine of the Reformed Church of Spain, and has decided the grave question whether the said Reformed Church is in communion with the Anglican Church.

The Bishops of London and Rochester hold that to require any qualification in a member of an ecclesiastical vestry save payment of rates would imperil the national character of the Church.

The Unitarians have begun a forward movement. By arrangement, sermons are being delivered on the Unitarian position in all the London churches of that body.

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HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen on Monday, Feb. 18, left Osborne House, Isle of Wight, and came to London, arriving soon after two o'clock in the afternoon at Buckingham Palace, accompanied by the Empress Frederick of Germany and by Princess Henry of Battenberg. The Queen held a Drawing-Room at Buckingham Palace on Tuesday, Feb. 19. The Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and others of the royal family were present.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales on Friday, Feb. 15, held, on behalf the Queen, a Levée at St. James's Palace, accompanied by the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of York, and Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. The Prince of Wales attended the sitting of the House of Lords on Feb. 14. The

on Feb. 14. The Duke of Connaught was entertained by the Lord Mayor of London on Feb. 13 with luncheon at the Mansion House.

The Prince of Wales, with the Duke of York, on Wednesday, Feb. 20, opened the new apartments of the United Service Institution added to the old Banqueting House, or Chapel Royal of Whitehall Palace. The Prince of Wales next day left England for the south coast of France, where he joins his yacht, the Britannia, for a Mediterranean

On Feb. 16 Princess Beatrice, at Newport, Isle of Wight, presented the long-service medals to officers and privates of the local battalion of Volunteers, of which her husband, Prince Henry of Battenberg, is honorary colonel.

Lord Harris, late Governor of Bombay, has left India on his return home.

A Cabinet Council was held on Tuesday, Feb. 19, and Lord Rosebery had an interview with the Queen at Buckingham Palace.

The Marquis of Salisbury on Saturday, Feb. 16, made a speech at the opening banquet, at the Hôtel Métropole, of the newly established London political club associated with the Irish Loyalist and Unionist clubs of Ulster. Lord Templeton presided at the banquet.

The election for Colchester at the polling on Tuesday, Feb. 19, resulted unfavourably for Captain J. M. Vereker, the Conservative candidate, who obtained 2296 votes against 2559 for the Liberal, Sir Weetman Pearson.

At the halfyearly meeting of the London and North-Western Railway Company, on Feb. 15, a dividend

of $6\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. was declared. There has been an increase of passenger traffic, and a slight diminution of expenditure. It has been thought necessary, with a view to urgent work on the line, for safety in case of accident, to dismiss in North Wales several plate-layers who cannot speak English. The disaster at Chelford was much regretted, but that was caused by a sudden gust of wind, and by no carelessness of the company's servants. The chairman, Lord Stalbridge, also stated that the Board would not tender for the sea service of the Irish mails, but there were negotiations with the Government for advancing the speed of the mailtrains.

The London County Council, at its weekly meeting on Feb. 19, received the report of its committee on the water supply of London. It is said that purchase of all the existing water companies' undertakings might involve an expenditure of fifty millions sterling. An opposition, therefore, to the Bills for that purpose now before Parliament was raised in the Council by Mr. Beachcroft, and

was supported by Sir John Lubbock. The report, however, was agreed to by 62 votes against 19. The committee recommend, indeed, not that purchase altogether, but a scheme for new works to obtain an additional supply of water from a purer source.

French political and social gossip has in the last few days been much occupied with the trial of "blackmailing" journalists and newspaper proprietors, who are accused of systematically extorting money from the managers of clubs, by threatening to publish libellous statements or insinuations about the gambling practised there, and from some Government contractors, by holding over them certain libels with regard to their alleged corrupt dealings in official quarters. This investigation has been going on at the Court of Correctional Police in Paris.

The United States Senate at Washington and the American politicians generally are likewise at present engaged in discussing bimetallism with reference to President Cleveland's recent Message and the issue of Treasury bonds payable in gold. This policy is vehemently denounced by those interested in keeping up the price of silver and by the holders of silver currency notes and bonds.

The Chinese Empire is compelled by the rapid victories of the Japanese fleet and army to sue for peace; Li Hung Chang has been re-invested by the Emperor with his yellow jacket and peacock's feather, of which he had been stripped, and is to meet Japanese envoys at Port Arthur, after conferring with the Government at Pekin, to obtain the easiest terms he can. These may include the cession of the large and valuable island of Formosa, with a

heavy pecuniary fine on account of war expenses. It is said that the Chinese Admiral Ting, his commodore, two naval captains, and a military general who were defeated at Wei-hai-Wei, have committed suicide in despair. The surrender was then performed by Admiral Maclure, a Scottish officer in the Chinese service, and was accepted by the Japanese commander, Admiral Ito. Marshal Oyama, with the Japanese land force at Weihai-Wei, is moving towards Chefoo. In the Manchurian provinces, near Haicheng, on Feb. 16, the Japanese army of General Nodzu was attacked by General Hsu, in its position on the Hai-chou river, but the attack was easily repulsed. Many Chinese soldiers who were fugitives from Wei-hai-Wei have been put to death by the Emperor's orders. Those who were taken prisoners of war have been released by the Japanese commander.

PARLIAMENT.

Ministers have survived the debate on the Address. Mr. Chamberlain's amendment was defeated by a majority of fourteen, and the closure on the main question was then carried by a majority of eight. The debate was signalised by an interesting duel between Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Asquith, who as Parliamentarians have so much in common—the same adroitness of fence, the same lucidity and terseness of speech. As a per-sonal success, Mr. Asquith's speech was by general admission the most striking effort be striking effort he has made since he entered the House of Commons. It drew a generous tribute of admiration from Sir Richard Webster.

Mr. Labouchere, who, while condemning the tactics of the Government, confessed that he meant to vote with them, caused great mirth by comparing himself to Balaam's ass; on which Mr. Campbell-Bannerman happily remarked that the ass had not the wit of Mr. Labouchere, and Mr. Labouchere, as he intended to vote straight, had not the stubbornness characteristic of his favourite animal.

The argument urged by the Opposition was that the Government, having no moral authority, ought to seek a fresh mandate from the constituencies. Sir William Harcourt contended, on the other hand, that to take this course would be practically to admit that the House of Lords had the right to dictate a dissolution because it disliked the measures of a Liberal-Ministry. There were many historical parallels cited in the debate, and a great many extracts from old speeches; but the gist of the matter was that the Opposition wanted to turn the Government out, and that Ministers, for the present, have successfully resisted that enterprise.



"THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING ERNEST," MR. OSCAR WILDE'S NEW PLAY AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE,

See "Our Illustrations."

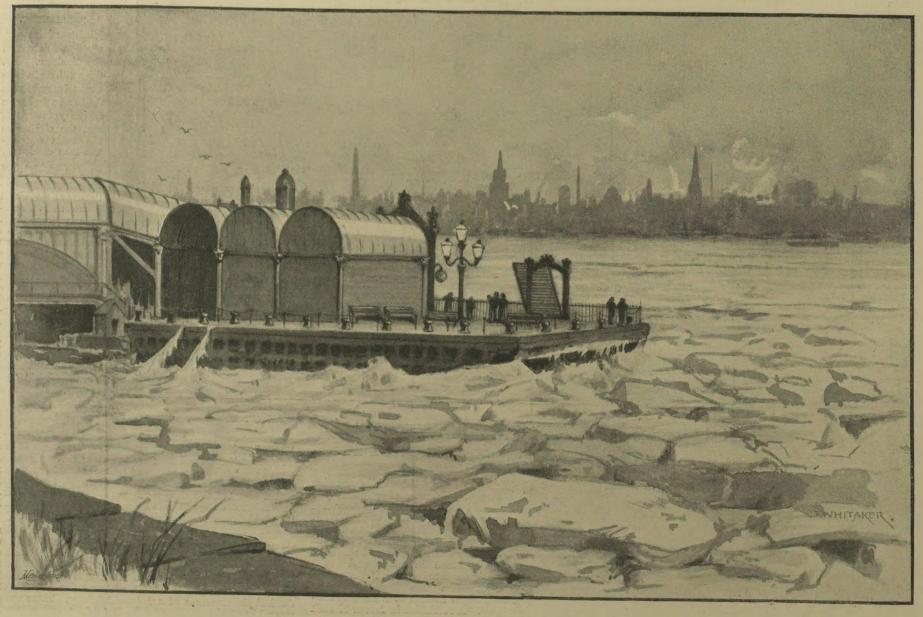
The French Court of Cassation has decided that bull-fights are illegal in France.

The German Reichstag on Feb. 15 debated the question of a bi-metallist currency, in favour of which it was remarked that the international movement that way had gained much from the opinions of the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, in England, and of M. Ribot, in France. The Imperial Chancellor, Prince Hohenlohe, admitted that the increasing difference of value between gold and silver has a prejudicial effect on German industry; and Count Herbert Bismarck, warmly commending Mr. Balfour, supported the bi-metallist proposals. The Chancellor said he was disposed to invite foreign nations to a friendly conference upon this subject. A resolution in favour of such a course was passed next day.

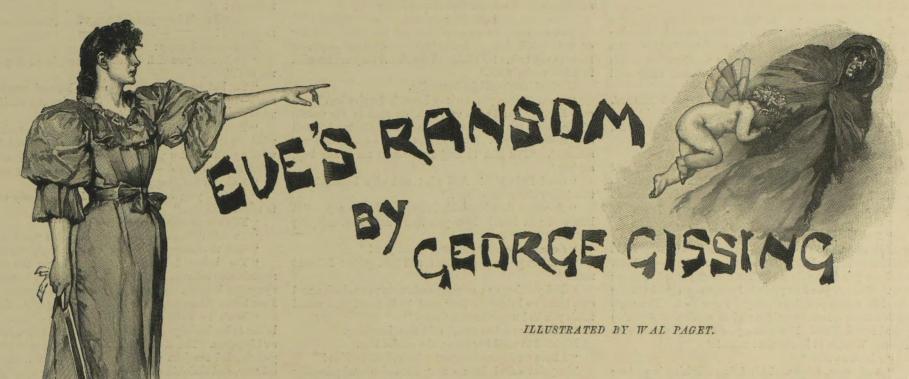
King Oscar of Sweden and Norway opened the Storthing, or Norwegian Parliament, at Christiania, on Feb. 19.



THE FROZEN THAMES: A STUDY NEAR BLACKWALL.



THE FROZEN MERSEY: LOOKING FROM BIRKENHEAD TO LIVERPOOL.



When this change had been made Eve seemed to throw off a burden. She met Hilliard with something like the ease of manner, the frank friendliness, which marked her best moods in their earlier intercourse. At a restaurant dinner, to which he persuaded her in company with Patty, she was ready in cheerful talk, and an expedition to Versailles, some days after, showed her radiant with the joy of sunshine and movement. Hilliard could not but wonder at the success of his prescription.

He did not visit the girls in their new abode, and nothing more was said of his making the acquaintance of Mdlle. Roche. Meetings were appointed by post-cardalways in Patty's hand if the initiative were female; they took place three or four times a week. As it was now necessary for Eve to make payments on her own account, Hilliard dispatched to her by post a remittance in paper money, and of this no word passed between them. Three weeks later he again posted the same sum. On the morrow they went by river to St. Cloud-it was always a trio, Hilliard never making any other proposal—and the steam-boat afforded Eve an opportunity of speaking with her generous friend

"I don't want this money," she said, giving him an envelope. "What you sent before isn't anything like finished. There's enough for a month more."

"Keep it all the same. I won't have any pinching." "There's nothing of the kind. If I don't have my way in this I shall go back to London."

He put the envelope in his pocket, and stood silent, with eyes fixed on the river bank.

"How long do you intend us to stay?" asked

"As long as you find pleasure here."

"And-what am I to do afterwards?"

He glanced at her.

"A holiday must come to an end," she added, trying, but without success, to meet his look.

"I haven't given any thought to that," said Hilliard, carelessly; "there's plenty of time. It will be fine weather for many weeks yet."

"But I have been thinking about it. I should be crazy if I didn't."

"Tell me your thoughts, then."

"Should you be satisfied if I got a place at Birmingham ?"

There again was the note of self-abasement. It irritated the listener.

"Why do you put it in that way? There's no question of what satisfies me, but of what is good for you."

"Then I think it had better be Birmingham."

"Very well. It's understood that when we leave Paris we go there."

A silence. Then Eve asked abruptly:

"You will go as well?"

"Yes, I shall go back."

"And what becomes of your determination to enjoy life as long as you can?'

"I'm carrying it out. I shall go back satisfied, at all events."

"And return to your old work?"

"I don't know. It depends on all sorts of things. We won't talk of it just yet."

Patty approached, and Hilliard turned to her with a bright, jesting face. .

Midway in August, on his return home one afternoon, the concierge let him know that two English gentlemen had been inquiring for him; one of them had left a card. With surprise and pleasure Hilliard read the name of Robert Narramore, and beneath it, written in pencil, an invitation to dine that evening at a certain hotel in the Rue de Provence. As usual, Narramore had neglected the duties of a correspondent; this was the first announcement of his intention to be in Paris. Who the second man might be Hilliard could not conjecture.

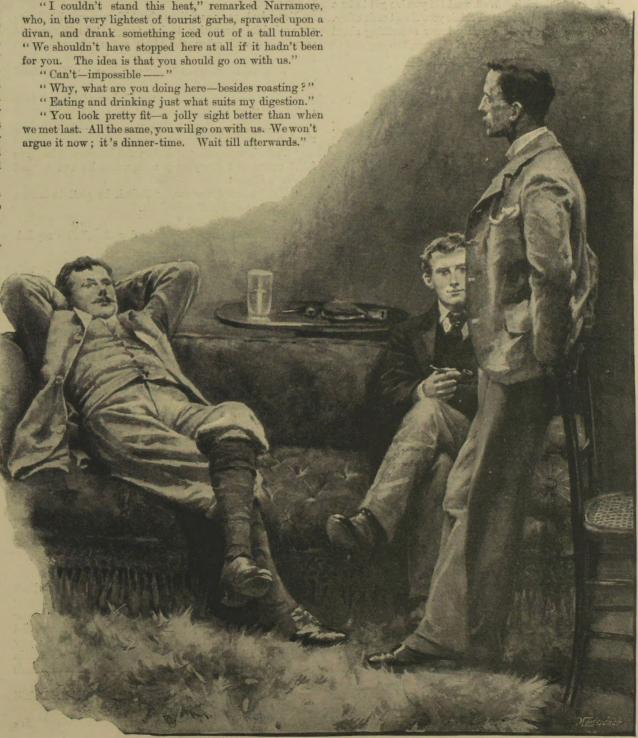
He arrived at the hotel, and found Narramore in company with a man of about the same age, his name Birching, to Hilliard a stranger. They had reached Paris this morning, and would remain only for a day or two, as their purpose was towards the Alps.

"I couldn't stand this heat," remarked Narramore,

At table, Narramore mentioned that his friend Birching was an architect.

"Just what this fellow ought to have been," he said, indicating Hilliard. "Architecture is his hobby. I believe he could sit down and draw to scale a front elevation of any great cathedral in Europe - couldn't you, Hilliard?"

Laughing the joke aside, Hilliard looked with interest at Mr. Birching, and began to talk with him. The three young men consumed a good deal of wine, and after dinner strolled about the streets, until Narramore's fatigue and thirst brought them to a pause at a café on the Boulevard des Italiens. Birching presently moved apart, to reach a



"The idea is that you should go on with us."

newspaper, and remained out of earshot while Narramore talked with his other friend.

"What's going on?" he began. "What are you doing here? Seriously, I want you to go along with us. Birching is a very good sort of chap, but just a trifle heavy-takes things rather solemnly for such hot weather. Is it the expense? Hang it! You and I know each other well enough, and, thanks to my old uncle-

"Never mind that, old boy," interposed Hilliard.

"How long are you going for?"

"I can't very well be away for more than three weeks. The brass bedsteads, you know-

Hilliard agreed to join in the tour.

"That's right: I've been looking forward to it," said his friend heartily. "And now, haven't you anything to tell me? Are you alone here? Then, what the deuce do you do with yourself?'

"Chiefly meditate."

"You're the rummest fellow I ever knew. I've wanted to write to you, but-hang it !- what with hot weather and brass bedsteads, and this and thatwhat are you going to do? Your money won't last for ever. Haven't you any projects? It was no good talking about it before you left Dudley. I saw that. You were all but fit for a lunatic asylum, and no wonder. But you've pulled round, I see. Never saw you looking in such condition. What is to be the next move?"

"I have no idea."

"Well, now, I have. This fellow Birching is partner with his brother, in Brum, and they're tolerably flourishing. I've thought of you ever since I came to know him; I think it was chiefly on your account that I got thick with him - though there was another reason: I'll tell you about that some time. Now, why shouldn't you go into their office? Could you manage to pay a small premium? I believe I could square it with them. I haven't said anything. I never hurry - like things to ripen naturally. Suppose you saw your way, in a year or two, to make only as much in an architect's office as you did in that machine-shop, wouldn't it be worth while?'

Hilliard mused. Already he had a flush on his cheek,

but his eyes sensibly brightened.

"Yes," he said at length with deliberation. "It would be worth while."

"So I should think. Well, wait till you've got to be a bit chummy with Birching. I think you'll suit each other. Let him see that you do really know something about architecture—there 'll be plenty of chances."

Hilliard, still musing, repeated with mechanical

"Yes, it would be worth while."

Then Narramore called to Birching, and the talk became general again.

The next morning they drove about Paris, all together. Narramore, though it was his first visit to the city, declined to see anything which demanded exertion, and the necessity for quenching his thirst recurred with great frequency. Early in the afternoon he proposed that they should leave Paris that very evening.

"I want to see a mountain with snow on it. We're bound to travel by night, and another day of this would settle me. Any objection, Birching?"

The architect agreed, and time-tables were consulted. Hilliard drove home to pack. When this was finished, he sat down and wrote a letter:

"DEAR MISS MADELEY, -My friend Narramore is here, and has persuaded me to go to Switzerland with him. I shall be away for a week or two, and will let you hear from me in the meantime. Narramore says I am looking vastly better, and it is you I have to thank for this. Without you, my attempts at 'enjoying life' would have been a poor business. We start in an hour or two.-Yours ever,

"MAURICE HILLIARD."

XVI.

He was absent for full three weeks, and arrived with his friends at the Gare de Lyon early one morning of September. Narramore and the architect delayed only for a meal, and pursued their journey homeward; Hilliard returned to his old quarters, dispatched a post-card asking Eve and Patty to dine with him that evening, and thereupon went to bed, where for some eight hours he slept the sleep of healthy fatigue.

The place he had appointed for meeting with the girls was at the foot of the Boulevard St. Michel. Eve came

"And where's Patty?" he asked, grasping her hand heartily in return for the smile of unfeigned pleasure with which she welcomed him.

"Ah, where indeed? Getting near to Charing Cross by now, I think,"

"She has gone back?"

"Went this very morning, before I had your card-Let us get out of the way of people-She has been dreadfully home-sick. About a fortnight ago a mysterious letter came for her; she hid it away from me. A few days after another came, and she shut herself up for a long time, and when she came out again I saw she had been crying. Then we talked it over. She had written to Mr. Dally and got an answer that made her miserable; that was the first letter. She wrote again, and had a reply that made her still more wretched; that was the second. Two or three more came, and yesterday she could bear it no longer."

"Then she has gone home to make it up with him?"

"Of course. He declared that she has utterly lost her character, and that no honest man could have anything more to say to her! I shouldn't wonder if they are married in a few weeks' time."

Hilliard laughed light-heartedly.

"I was to beg you, on my knees to forgive her," pursued Eve. "But I can't very well do that in the middle of the street, can I? Really, she thinks she has behaved disgracefully to you. She wouldn't write a letter-she was ashamed. 'Tell him to forget all about me!' she kept

"Good little girl! And what sort of a husband will

this fellow Dally make her?'

"No worse than husbands in general, I dare say.—But how well you look! How you must have been enjoying yourself!

"I can say exactly the same about you!"

"Oh, but you are sunburnt, and look quite a different

"And you have an exquisite colour in your cheeks, and eyes twice as bright as they used to be; and one would think you had never known a care."

"I feel almost like that," said Eve, laughing. He tried to meet her eyes; she eluded him.

"I have an Alpine hunger; where shall we dine?"

The point called for no long discussion, and presently they were seated in the cool restaurant. Whilst he nibbled an olive, Hilliard ran over the story of his Swiss tour.

"If only you had been there! It was the one thing

"You wouldn't have enjoyed yourself half so much. You amused me by your description of Mr. Narramore, in the letter from Geneva."

"The laziest rascal born! But the best-tempered, the easiest to live with. A thoroughly good fellow; I like him better than ever. Of course he is improved by coming in for money-who wouldn't be, that has any good in him at all? But it amazes me that he can be content to go back to Birmingham and his brass bedsteads. Sheer lack of energy, I suppose. He'll grow dreadfully fat, I fear, and when he becomes really a rich man - it's awful to

Eve asked many questions about Narramore; his image gave mirthful occupation to her fancy. The dinner went merrily on, and when the black coffee was set before

"Why not have it outside?" said Eve. "You would like to smoke, I know."

Hilliard assented, and they seated themselves under the awning. The boulevard glowed in a golden light of sunset; the sound of its traffic was subdued to a lulling

"There's a month yet before the leaves will begin to fall," murmured the young man, when he had smoked awhile in silence.

"Yes," was the answer. "I shall be glad to have a little summer still in Birmingham."

"Do you wish to go?"

"I shall go to-morrow, or the day after," Eve replied, quietly.

Then again there came a silence.

"Something has been proposed to me," said Hilliard, at length, leaning forward with his elbows upon the table. "I mentioned that our friend Birching is an architect. He's in partnership with his brother, a much older man. Well, they have offered to take me into their office if I pay a premium of fifty guineas. As soon as I can qualify myself to be of use to them, they 'll give me a salary. And I shall have the chance of eventually doing much better than I ever could at the old grind, where, in fact, I had no prospect whatever.'

"That's very good news," Eve remarked, gazing across

"You think I ought to accept?"

"I suppose you can pay the fifty guineas, and still leave yourself enough to live upon?'

"Enough till I earn something," Hilliard answered with a smile.

"Then I should think there's no doubt."

"The question is this—are you perfectly willing to go back to Birmingham?"

"I'm anxious to go."

"You feel quite restored to health?"

"I was never so well in my life."

Hilliard looked into her face, and could easily believe that she spoke the truth. His memory would no longer recall the photograph in Mrs. Brewer's album; the living Eve, with her progressive changes of countenance, had obliterated that pale image of her bygone self. He saw her now as a beautiful woman, mysterious to him still in many respects, yet familiar as though they had been friends

"Then, whatever life is before me," he said, "I shall have done one thing that was worth doing."

"Perhaps - if everyone's life is worth saving," Eve answered in a voice just audible.

"Everyone's is not; but yours was."

Two men who had been sitting not far from them rose and walked away. As if more at her ease for this secession,

Eve looked at her companion, and said in a tone of

"How I must have puzzled you when you first saw me in London!'

He answered softly:

"To be sure you did. And the thought of it puzzles me still."

"Oh, but can't you understand? No; of course you can't-I have told you so little. Just give me an idea of what sort of person you expected to find."

"Yes, I will. Judging from your portrait, and from what I was told of you, I looked for a sad, solitary, hardworking girl-rather poorly dressed-taking no pleasuregoing much to chapel—shrinking from the ordinary world."

"And you felt disappointed?"

"At first, yes; or, rather, bewildered—utterly unable to understand you."

"You are disappointed still?" she asked.

"I wouldn't have you anything but what you are." "Still, that other girl was the one you wished to meet."

"Yes, before I had seen you. It was the sort of resemblance between her life and my own. I thought of sympathy between us. And the face of the portrait-but I see better things in the face that is looking at me now."

"Don't be quite sure of that—Yes, perhaps. It's better to be healthy, and enjoy life, than broken-spirited and hopeless. The strange thing is that you were rightyou fancied me just the kind of girl I was: Sad and solitary, and shrinking from people-true enough. And I went to chapel, and got comfort from it—as I hope to do again. Don't think that I have no religion. But I was so unhealthy, and suffered so in every way. Work and anxiety without cease, from when I was twelve years old. You know all about my father? If I hadn't been clever at figures, what would have become of me? I should have drudged at some wretched occupation until the work and the misery of everything killed me."

Hilliard listened intently, his eyes never stirring from her face.

"The change in me began when father came back to us, and I began to feel my freedom. Then I wanted to get away, and to live by myself. I thought of London-I've told you how much I always thought of London-but I hadn't the courage to go there. In Birmingham I began to change my old habits; but more in what I thought than what I did. I wished to enjoy myself like other girls, but I couldn't. For one thing, I thought it wicked; and then I was so afraid of spending a penny—I had so often known what it was to be in want of a copper to buy food. So I lived quite alone; sat in my room every evening and read books. You could hardly believe what a number of books I read in that year. Sometimes I didn't go to bed till two or three o'clock."

"What sort of books?"

"I got them from the Free Library - books of all kinds; not only novels. I've never been particularly fond of novels; they always made me feel my own lot all the harder. I never could understand what people mean when they say that reading novels takes them 'out of themselves.' It was never so with me. I liked travels and lives of people, and books about the stars.—Why do you laugh?"

"You escaped from yourself there, at all events."

"At last I saw an advertisement in a newspaper—a London paper in the reading-room—which I was tempted to answer; and I got an engagement in London. When the time came for starting I was so afraid and low-spirited that I all but gave it up. I should have done, if I could have known what was before me. The first year in London was all loneliness and ill-health. I didn't make a friend, and I starved myself, all to save money. Out of my pound a week I saved several shillings-just because it was the habit of my whole life to pinch and pare and deny myself. I was obliged to dress decently, and that came out of my food. It's certain I must have a very good constitution to have gone through all that and be as well as I am to-day."

"It will never come again," said Hilliard.

"How can I be sure of that? I told you once before that I'm often in dread of the future. It would be ever so much worse, after knowing what it means to enjoy one's life. How do people feel who are quite sure they can never want as long as they live? I have tried to imagine it, but I can't; it would be too wonderful."

"You may know it some day."

Eve reflected.

"It was Patty Ringrose," she continued, "who taught me to take life more easily. I was astonished to find how much enjoyment she could get out of an hour or two of liberty, with sixpence to spend. She did me good by laughing at me, and in the end I astonished her. Wasn't it natural that I should be reckless as soon as I got the chance?"

"I begin to understand."

"The chance came in this way. One Sunday morning I went by myself to Hampstead, and as I was wandering about on the Heath I kicked against something. It was a cash-box, which I saw couldn't have been lying there very long. I found it had been broken open, and inside it were a lot of letters-old letters in envelopes; nothing else. The addresses on the envelopes were all the same—to a gentleman living at Hampstead. I thought the best I could do was to go and inquire for this address; and I found it, and

rang the door-bell. When I told the servant what I wanted-it was a large house-she asked me to come in, and after I had waited a little she took me into a library, where a gentleman was sitting. I -had to answer a good many questions, and the man talked rather gruffly to me. When he had made a note of my name and where I lived, he said that I should hear from him, and so I went away. Of course I hoped to have a reward, but for two or three days I heard nothing; then, when I was at business, someone asked to see me -a man I didn't know. He said he had come from Mr. So-and-So, the gentleman at Hampstead, and had brought something for me-four five-pound notes. The cash-box had been stolen by someone, with other things, the night before I found it, and the letters in it, which disappointed the thief, had a great value for their owner. All sorts of inquiries had been made about me, and no doubt I very nearly got into the hands of the police, but it was all right, and I had twenty pounds reward. Think! twenty pounds!"

Hilliard nodded.

"I told no one about it-not even Patty. And I put the money into the Post Office Savings Bank. I meant it to stay there till I might be in need; but I thought of it day and night. And only a fortnight after, my employers

shut up their place of business, and I had nothing to do. All one night I lay awake, and when I got up in the morning I felt as if I was no longer my old self. I saw everything in a different way-felt altogether changed. I had made up my mind not to look for a new place, but to take my money out of the Post Office—I had more than twenty-five pounds there altogether - and spend it for my pleasure. It was just as if something had enraged me, and I was bent on avenging myself. All that day I walked about the town, looking at shops, and thinking what I should like to buy; but I only spent a shilling or two, for meals. The next day I bought some new clothing. The day after that I took Patty to the theatre, and astonished her by my extravagance; but I gave her no explanation, and to this day she doesn't understand how I got my money. In a sort of way, I did enjoy myself. For one thing, I took a subscription at Mudie's, and began to read once more. You can't think how it pleased me to get my books - new books - where rich people do. I changed a volume about every other day - I had so many hours I didn't know what to do with. Patty was the only friend I had made, so I took her about with me whenever she could get away in

"Yet never once dined at a restaurant," remarked Hilliard, laughing. "There's the difference between man and woman.'

"My ideas of extravagance were very modest, after all.'

Hilliard, fingering his coffeecup, said in a lower voice:

"Yet you haven't told me everything."

Eve looked away, and kept silence.

"By the time I met you"—he spoke in his ordinary tone-"you had begun to grow tired of it."

"Yes—and——" She rose. "We won't sit here any

When they had walked for a few minutes:

"How long shall you stay in Paris?" she asked.

"Won't you let me travel with you?"

"I do whatever you wish," Eve answered simply. (To be continued.)

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HISTORICAL NOVELS AND HISTORICAL ACCURACY.

BY ANDREW LANG.

How far an historical novelist is bound to cleave to historical truth is a question that has settled itself. He is not bound at all. This great blow for freedom was struck by Scott. Creating his own genre, he unconsciously laid down the laws of the art in his own practice. The poetical rules, if we may call them rules, of Aristotle are only the codified customs of the epic and tragic poets. In the same way as Scott led on to the stage persons whom he well knew to have been dead before the action of his tale began, and other persons whom he well knew to have been absent from the scene, as he moved events back or forward to suit the composition of his picture, as he annihilated time and space to make two generations happy, it is manifest that every historical novelist may claim the same liberty.

The question whether or not it is wise to use these privileges is different. If the novelist can interest us it does not matter a farthing whether his history is correct or not. In an age of universal education, he can repose confidently on the ignorance of his readers. Nobody



"Something has been proposed to me," said Hilliard.

knows or cares whether Amy Robsart was dead (as she was) before "Kenilworth" begins; nobody cares for the circumstance that Shakspere could not have been about the Court at the period covered by the tale. The wild woman in "Ivanhoe" could not have sung hymns to Slavonic deities. The manners of the novel are not the manners of the age depicted. The Lammermoor characters are all taken out of their historical framework; and perhaps the only person whom such things ever vexed was the late Professor Freeman.

assents to them, and yet all the pedantry in my nature rises up against historical inaccuracies in novels. I feel as if the author's problem was to accept the historical conditions as they existed, and then to fit his romance into them, so that it might have happened. I do not like Scott to move on or move back, whichever it is, the death of the Bishop of Liège, in "Quentin Durward." To take a modern instance, I do not like that "business" with the potion which turns Jekyll into Hyde and back again. The statement is too tough. On the other hand, if Mrs. Mellon can project some sort of self of hers outside an iron cage in which she is shut up and sealed (I do not say that she can; Sir William Windeyer says so), then Jekyll might have projected Hyde in some similar fashion. The process need not have been less ghastly, and does not cause such a frantic wrench to the power of

belief. The drug will not do; the process, even for the moral purpose of the tale, is too entirely mechanical. Also I do want to know how Hyde got his first suit of-clothes!

All this is pedantic. Perhaps it is pedantic to spoil an effect of M. Zola's, in "Lourdes," by consulting the Continental "Bradshaw," and demonstrating that there is no such train as that on which his effect depends. Perhaps, however, this is fair against that friend of "documents," M. Zola. Lately I took up Mr. Froude's stirring novel, "The Two Chiefs of Dunboy." Mr. Froude, at all events, was no pedant. He brings in one Patrick Blake, who took Prince Charles to Scotland in 1745, and took him away in 1746. Now, Walsh took him there and Warren took him off. Would it not have been as easy to say Walsh as Blake? Blake also took off Sheridan (Sir Thomas, not Sir Edward, oh, Mr. Froude!) and Sullivan. Now, Dumont really took off Sullivan; I forget how poor Sheridan reached Rome, to die of exposure and a broken heart. Neither Sheridan nor Sullivan, I think, was really captured by the English, and got off as in the novel. Far from chasing the Prince after Culloden (as in the tale), Colonel Goring was his equerry till they quarrelled in 1754, and Goring died, I believe, at

Berlin. The Prince did not
refuse to let Ireland be an

independent country, as Sullivan is made to say: he declined Tencin's proposal to give Ireland away to France; of course, he was quite in the right for once. At the time of the tale, far from having abandoned the Prince, Sullivan was hanging about the French coast with him to take advantage of the invading forces under Conflans and Thurst. There may have been another Goring and another Sullivan, but the best-known men of the name involved in these affairs were those whom I have mentioned. The novel is in no way affected by these considerations. Yet there are times when one would somehow feel belief more easy if the events could be fitted in without breaking up the actual framework. Perhaps "Esmond" comes nearer to historical truth than any other famous historical novel. The death of the Duke of Hamilton comes in very fortunately for the conduct of the plot, and it is, perhaps, an advantage that it is historically right. The Chevalier right have done as Thackeray makes him do, leaving Atterbury in the lurch, as he was really left by Ormonde and the Earl Marischal. "Esmond" may be full of historical bévues, but they escape my notice if they exist, and ignorance here is bliss. In no novel, except where Louis XI. and James I. are on the stage, do historical characters appear so naturally, so like themselvesespecially Swift, Addison, Steele, and the other wits. No novel is so true to the tone of the time, for

we cannot know how people thought and spoke under Richard I., for example; but we do know that Queen Anne's men and women talked as Thackeray makes them talk, as a general rule. We can be pretty certain also that Cuddy Headrig and the other peasants find their conversation rightly interpreted in Scott. He did not write a novel on Froissart's age, but the Canon of Chimay shows us in many reported conversations how people then spoke in France. For any period more remote we have almost to invent a colloquial formula for ourselves, and probably the best plan is just to let them talk like generalised human beings. The more "local colour" we paint on, the more errors are we likely to make. Yet I think some excellent masters in the new school of historical novelists do permit too many staring and palpable modernisms to flow from the lips of their people. We are not to write sham archaisms, but we should not introduce the clickés of the leading article or of the reporter into the times, say, of Henry of Navarre. Claverhouse, as Lady Louisa Stuart pointed out to Scott, would not have used the word "sentimental." But, till Dr. Murray and Mr. Bradley finish the new English dictionary, it is hard for a writer to know the highest date backwards of many words now familiar. Still, one should not make Steele call "Cato" "the most powerful exhibit of Addison's genius," though an American critic actually employs the awful word "exhibit" about the prose tales of Edgar Poe!



THE SKATING SEASON: HAMPSTEAD PONDS AT NIGHT,

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The idea of "growing old," I suppose, is not one which is contemplated with pleasure (or profit) by any of us. We all possess the desire, in our normal and natural state of mind, to live as long as possible; and if to live is not merely to exist, but, more important still, to be well, it is evident that to maintain the ideal healthy life should be the aim and object of everybody who desires not only that his days may be long in the land, but that his days may be as happy as they are long. I have often marvelled at the encouragement which Dame Nature gives us all, even the weakest of us, to weary not in well-doing for ourselves. The vis medicatrix nature is a great principle of life. Many things in the way of ailments, and many conditions otherwise disadvantageous to us, get well if left alone—or, what is more to the point, if Nature is simply encouraged in her healing efforts. Besides, every physiologist knows that our bodies present, as living machines, many illustrations of the "balance of power" principle, and of that idea of compensation which relieves strain in one organ or eart by civing a pointhlown enterve a little record to define the control of t part by giving a neighbour-organ a little more to do. If I wanted to encourage people to try to live up to a sanitary ideal, I should feel tempted first of all to show them how eager Nature is to aid them in every effort they may make in the direction of sensible living.

Still, when we grow old, and tend to get rusty in the physiological sense, it may be contended there is no help for us at all. The vital machinery, it might be held, is bound to wear out beyond hope of renewal. So long as we are in our prime the adjustment of our wear and tear to our bodily repair is perfectly carried out. The wants of the organism are made good in a rational fashion; and so health is the exact adjustment of the living machine in the matter of wark and renewed. But organism machine in the matter of work and renewal. But even when age creeps upon us, and we go down the hill, vitally speaking, we should glean some comfort and encouragement from the fact that certain of our most vital parts do not ago at the rate which expectation might deem natural. My friend Dr. G. W. Balfour, in his interesting book on the heart in old age, has some remarks which are worth bearing in mind. His study of old age results in the dictum that the brain and the heart do not age correspondingly with their years. The activity of some old men, mentally and physically, is explicable on this physiological fact. Mr. Gladstone, for instance, is an example of a vigorous intellect and equally vigorous physique. I can quote my late friend Dr. W. B. Carpenter as another example of the same vigorous age. Carpenter up to the time of his death was mentally vigorous and exact, and as eager in the pursuit of his favourite researches—among them the study of "Eozoon," that primeyal puzzle of geologists—as in his middle age.

Given, therefore, a good constitution to start with, and it seems that brain and heart hold out remarkably against senile decay. Dr. Balfour's views are worth remembrance in this respect, if only to encourage our elders in their later years. He reminds us that, as regards the brain, its nourishment is very specially attended to. Normally, it receives a very large blood-supply, and one proportionate to its manifold works and duties in the way of governance of the organism. Now, in old age a natural change happens to our arteries. They develop a tendency to the deposition of limy matter in their walls, rendering them less elastic and more brittle than is the case in the young condition. But the big arteries supplying the brain in chief, the carotids, running up each side of the neck, do not undergo this degenerative process. They seem to escape the inevitable in the matter of other arteries and old age, and so continue to convey the vital flow in full pulsations upwards seems that brain and heart hold out remarkably against continue to convey the vital flow in full pulsations upwards to the organ of mind. This means continued nourishment of the brain-tissue to the last practically. Other arteries fail to do their duty or diminish the blood-supply. Not so those supplying the brain, which remain elastic and resilient. In the case of the heart, though perchance, in a less degree, we find the same truth represented. It, too, less degree, we find the same truth represented. It, too, as an organ demanding a constant and full blood-supply, is well nourished to the last, and fails not in the healthy old man by reason of degenerative change. Is this, then, an illustration of the principle of "natural selection" carried out in the bodily organs as it is carried out in the evolution of classes of animals and plants at large? I presume it must be so. The need exists for long-continued cerebral and cardiac activity, and Nature responds to the demand. This is truly an encouragement to the race at large. There is no rejuvenescence possible; but the next best thing to that longed-for state is the possession of necessary and essential parts which do not soon or readily grow old. soon or readily grow old.

It is regrettable in the highest degree that public exhibitions of hypnotism should continue to be allowed to be given in our midst. In most of the countries of Europe such public exhibitions are prohibited by law. So they should be in Britain. The inducing of the trance-condition in a man in London surely can serve no useful purpose whatever. It demonstrates no new thing in the purpose whatever are therefore he were all the state of the purpose. physiology, and must therefore be regarded as simply a popular show to which people will be attracted by its semi-morbid character. Once it is known that hypnotism is a fact, and that this condition consists in switching off (in susceptible persons) the higher conscious brain-centres, and allowing the lower centres to sway the organism at the suggestion of the operator, nothing more, surely, is needed, save in a strictly professional sense, to be taught to the public. Mesmerism, like chloroform, should be left in the hands of medical men. To permit public exhibitions of this nervous anomaly is to expose susceptible persons to risks which are not agreeable to contemplate from a psychical standpoint.

I note that "argon," the new constituent of the atmosphere discovered by Lord Rayleigh and Professor Ramsay, appears to have at last been accepted as a scientific fact. Of course, the subject at present is still in its infantile condition, but the imprimatur of the Royal Society appears to have been given to the discovery. For the rest, the world

CHESS

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

A H Penney.—If your-solutions were correct they ought to have been acknowledged; but do we understand they were identical with those we published? If wrong, no notice is taken of the answer.

A HILL (Belfast).—We are compelled to publish play having some contemporary interest, and can only make exceptions in favour of prominent masters whose style no age can wither. Thanks for information.

Mrs W J Baird.—It is always a pleasure to give gems a good setting.

J S Wesley (Exeter).—We shall be happy to give them a careful

G B (Purley).—Many thanks. We are just a little afraid of games departing from the cut-and-dried book-openings. We know them of old. But we trust yours is better.

OLIVER ICINGIA (King's Lynn).—We do not require more than the key move, but it is better to give main play.

W FINLAYSON (Edinburgh).—Your contributions are most welcome. It is quite a pleasure to see so many of the older composers making their powers known again. As to four-movers, we have to consult the public taste, not our own.

B V Joshi (Indore).—(1) "English Chess Problems," (2) "Chess Exemplified." (3) Steinitz's "Chess Instructor." All these can be obtained through J M Brown, 19, Bagby Street, Leeds. As regards the other matter, you are welcome to do as you request, and we wish you all success in your efforts.

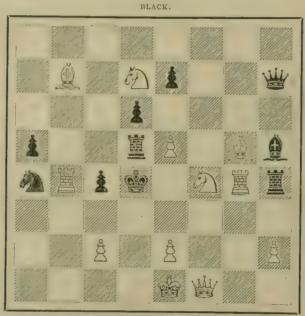
Genrico Solution of Problem No. 2647 received from A. A. Bowden (San Diego, California); of No. 2650 from A. P. (St. John, N.B.); of No. 2652 from E. Arthur (Exmouth), Franklin Institute, and Thomas H. Pratti (Newbury); of No. 2653 from H. N. (Bournemouth), J. I. (Frampton), Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), J. F. Moon, R. E. Stewart. (Stoke-on-Trent), G. Douglas Angas, J. Bailey. (Newark), E. G. Boys, H. F. E., and J. A. B.

JAB.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2654 received from A H Penney,
H F E, E G Boys, J F Moon, H Brand, C Butcher jun. (Botesdale), H N, G Douglas Angas, J George Thursfield, Rev. J E ReidCuddon, Alpha, Charles Burnett, Henry B Byrnes (Torquay), M Burke,
E E H, Franklin Institute, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), W Beuglas, Borden
School, Sorrento, J S Wesley (Exeter), Rev Francis W Jackson,
T Roberts, Shadforth, W L Donaldson, H Moss (Sleaford), J Dixon,
F Leete (Sudbury), W A Barnard (Uppingham), Hobhouse, W P Hopkinson, R H Brooks, J D Tucker (Leeds), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), Twynam
(Ryde), W R B (Clifton), W R Raillem, E W Burnell (Edgbaston),
Ubique, W H S (Peterborough), C E Perugini, Edward J Sharpe, S W F,
Miss Marie S Priestley (Bangor, county Down), H S Brandreth, E Louden,
J C Ireland, C M A B, R Worters (Canterbury), G T Hughes (Athy), and
Oliver Icingla.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2653.-By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.

If Black play 1. R to Q4th, 2. Q to K 3rd (ch), K to B 4th; 3. Kt to K 7th, mate. If 1. any other, then 2. P to Q4th (ch), etc.

PROBLEM No. 2656. By H. E. KIDSON.



WHITE White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA. Game played in the match Brooklyn v. Manhattan between Messrs. Schmidt and Richardson. (Vienna Game.)

BLACK (Mr. R.)
P to K 4th
Kt to K B 3rd
Q Kt to B 3rd WHITE (Mr. S.)

B to Kt 2nd K Kt to K 2nd Kt to R 4th Kt takes B

Having played to R 4th with the view of

P to Q 3rd
P to K B 4th
P to K R 3rd
Q takes B
B to K 3rd
Castles (Q R)
K to Kt sq
Q to B 2nd
P takes P Q to K 2nd B to Kt 5th B takes Rt Castles (Q R) P to K R 4th P takes P P to Q B 3rd Q to Kt 3rd Kt to Q Kt 4th Kt to Q 2nd Q to Q R 4th 18. K to R sq 19. P to K R 4th

WHITE (Mr. S.) BLACK (Mr. R.) 20. P to K 5th 21. Q to K B 3rd 22. B to Q 2nd 23. P to Q Kt 3rd Clever manœuvres for an opening are the features of this part of the game, and Black's patience is soon rewarded.

24. P to Q B 4th 25. P to Q B 4th 26. K to Kt 2nd 27. Q takes Kt 28. Q takes R P 29. Q to K B 3rd 31. P to K B 5th 32. Q takes B P 33. Q takes B P Kt to B 6th
Q to Kt 5th
Kt takes R ch
Q to Q Kt 3rd
P to Kt 3rd
K to Kt sq
Kt to B sq
P takes P
Kt to K 3rd One capture too many, and for which there was no necessity. Now comes Black's opportunity.

34. Q takes Kt 35. K to R 3rd Threatening a pretty mate by Q to Kt 5th (ch), etc.

33. B to Kt 2nd R takes Q P
Black wins.

The most interesting chess event of late was the meeting of the City and Metropolitan Chess Clubs in the London League competition, which took place at the Guildhall Tavern on Feb. 11. The rivalry between the two has always been somewhat keen, and with well-matched forces in the past no great superiority had been displayed by either side. This year, however, the older club has been a little out of luck, the effect of which made itself palpably felt on the night in question. There was certainly on paper little difference in the strength of the opposing teams: they were, of course, carefully selected, they comprised many of our best amateurs, and in quality they were fairly-evenly divided. The surprising result, therefore, of 14½ wins to the Metropolitan against 5½ to the City can only be ascribed to some such occult influence as we have suggested. The winners, it is true, played splendidly, and deserved their victory, but we doubt whether between the same teams one so sweeping could be repeated. At any rate, there is not the gap between them that the score would indicate, and we are sure the City Club will welcome an opportunity of proving this to be the case.

The proposal for an International Tournament at Hestings grows in

of proving this to be the case.

The proposal for an International Tournament at Hastings grows in favour on all sides, and sufficient financial support is alone required to develop it into a great affair. It is to be hoped that by early promises of such assistance the executive will be enabled to announce a definite programme in time to suit every interest, professional or otherwise.

The inter-Club Championship for Belfast district has been won by the Holywood Club.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Though the rigid regulations about the Drawing-Room dress prevent any great novelty in their outlines, it is wonderful how the artists who construct those most splendid of how the artists who construct those most splendid of garments manage to make the prescribed form assume a novelty and conformity with the general dictates of fashion that suffice to make the Drawing-Room dress a trustworthy guide to the on-coming styles. In the dress at the first Drawing-Room of this year the most noticeable feature was the droop given to the sleeves. No longer is it a question who can most artistically puff up a sleeve; the fullness has now descended toward the elbow, and the great size that still distinguishes the sleeve depends on the immense quantity of material put into it. In one case, a mauve satin bodice had the top of the sleeve cut to fit the shoulder's point quite closely, and a huge pleating of mauve chiffon was put in at six inches from the top, so as to give something of the effect of a slashing. The train of a superby yellow and heliotrope brocade fell from the two shoulders, and was trimmed with mauve chiffon twists held in place by clusters of orchids in the two colours: the plain esting by clusters of orchids in the two colours; the plain satin petticoat had a draping of chiffon from left to right, fixed on with a cluster of orchids at about the knee to the left on with a cluster of orchids at about the knee to the left side. Spangles and gemmed trimmings were another feature of the new gowns. A lemon yellow peau-de-soie petticoat had an uncountable multitude of paillettes of glittering gold less in size than a pin's head arranged over it in diamond shapes; the sleeves were similarly embroidered, while the bodice of plain yellow silk was almost covered with fine lace. The train was grey velvet adorned with gold ostrich-feathers. A very effective Court dress had a skirt of white satin with a second skirt draned over both edges being embroidered in second skirt draped over, both edges being embroidered in gold in a wide Greek key design, and the edge of the top one going up to the waist, then under the belt of white satin to the left shoulder, to give much the appearance of the draping of a Greek peplum. The train was of cherry red velvet, and fell from both shoulders. It is so usual to see the more heavy of two materials employed for a train that it had an uncommon effect in one dress to find that it had an uncommon effect in one dress to find ruby velvet richly embroidered with jet used for the petticont, while the bodice and train from the waist were of black moiré in which the pattern was lightly traced round with jet, giving a fine glittering light effect to look at, though it must have been a very heavy gown to wear. A beautiful contrast was obtained in another by the mingling of pansy-coloured velvet and pale-green silk merveilleux. The train was of pansy velvet lined with green, draped from only one shoulder and turned back at the waist, so that the lining was well shown; clusters of

the waist, so that the lining was well shown; clusters of green feathers were sewn on the train, and apparently fastened by diamond brooches along the front of the petticoat above a flounce of white lace, while the junction of the train and petticoat was marked by flat panels of silver embroidery on white, and the green silk corsage was almost covered by the same embroidery used as a sash across the figure, and a berthe of pansy velvet and lace.

An extremely interesting book is "Woman in India," by Mary Frances Billington. The book is dedicated by permission to the only lady of the royal family who has lived in India, the Duchess of Connaught, and is further introduced by a preface written by the Marchioness of Dufferin, whose name will ever be associated with India by her formation of an organisation for rendering medical aid to its women. Lady Dufferin observes: "Information on the subject of 'Women in India' is often sought, and it is very difficult to find. . . It requires time and and it is very difficult to find. . . It requires time and patience to find and look through all the tracts, volumes, and magazines that deal with these subjects separately, and it is a satisfaction to find one volume in which an attempt is made to trace the career of Indian women from the oragle to the grave, and to give some account. attempt is made to trace the career of Indian women from the cradle to the grave, and to give some account of their customs, their occupations, their pleasures, their religion, and their dress." It would not be possible to give more tersely and attractively than in these words of the late Vicereine a general idea of the subjects of which Miss Billington treats. Nor could there be a testimonial of more weight to the competence with which she has touched her topics. It is a most readable book. The women to whose lives Miss Billington introduces us are of all classes, ranging from the Range who resides in a palace but whose ranging from the Ranee who resides in a palace, but whose bare, undecorated boudoir, in "the zenana, always architecturally and artistically the meanest part of the house, offers but few of the charms and attractions that we find in our own homes, down to the poorer classes of women working in factories or mines. There are altogether over 113,000,000 women in India, and their close association with us by reason of our common sex, and the immense difference between their social and religious conditions and our own, make the story of their lives singularly interesting.

Miss Billington is well known as one of the leading lady journalists of the day, and the quick observation, the judgment in selecting topics and precisely what to say about them, and the clear, easy, flowing literary style that are the main qualifications for a good journalist, are all displayed in her book. Much that she says will cause surprise. The advance of women in India, as in our own India, as in our own country, is hindered, it seems, chiefly by the conservative attitude of women themselves, under the influence of their religion and ingrained custom. At a lecture given by a lady to a party of rich young married native ladies, the subject being the movement of the world round the sun, an elderly widow who had come as attendant on one of the students took advantage of a quiet moment, while the circle of light on the sheet of the magic lantern was unoccupied, to make "with her thin bony hands, in its exact centre, the shadow of a goose's head; it was one of the best I ever saw done, and she allowed it to rest open-beaked for a few seconds, as if amazed at what it was hearing, and then set it wagging as if endorsing all the lecturer had said." Only about one in ground for hundred Luding righting righting the said. about one in every five hundred Indian girls is even to-day receiving any education. Miss Billington says that it is admitted on all hands that the high-caste ladies still do not avail themselves of the medical aid offered by Lady Dufferin's Fund as it was hoped they would do. Yet it is among this class that the sufferings of the Indian woman are greatest. Miss Billington is convinced that, climate and all other things taken into account, the working women are at least as well off as our own.



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BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

At the moment of writing, the trial of the seven Paris journalists for having blackmailed certain club proprietors in the French capital is not concluded. It behoves one, therefore, not to pass an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the accused. But I may point out a fact in connection with one of these which is not generally known in England. M. Camille Dreyfus, a former member of the Chamber of Deputies, was the indirect cause of the late M. Sadi Carnot's election to the Presidency of the Third Republic. Some time before the scandals that eventually drove the late Jules Grévy from the Elysée, M. Sadi Carnot was a member of one of those quickly dissolving Cabinets that have been the rule in France for the last quarter of a century. M. Carnot was an intimate friend of M. Daniel Wilson, the son-in-law of President Grévy, and M. Camille Dreyfus was, or had been, engaged in a transaction entailing the payment of a sum of between twenty and thirty thousand france as duties to the Government. M. Wilson quietly sounded his friend Carnot as to the remission of these duties, a suggestion which was as quietly but firmly declined.

A few months later the discovery of the traffic in decorations and kindred unsavoury business sent Frenchmen mad with excitement, and they began asking themselves and each other whether there was one honest man among those who had lorded it over them for the last seventeen years. "Yes, there is one; perhaps the only one," answered echo in the shape of a Secretary of the Ministry of Finances. "There is one, and his name is Sadi Carnot." And then the story of M. Carnot's temptation and resistance was told in full. I was on a special mission to Paris at the time, and I foretold the election of M. Carnot a week before it happened. I am sorry my forecast was fulfilled, for if M. Sadi Carnot had not been elected to the Presidential chair, he would probably be alive now, and there would be at any rate one notable personage to set the example of unswerving honesty to the others.

In accordance with my resolve expressed just now, I will not say another word about this trial. The acquittal

or conviction of those seven journalists will not alter the facts in connection with seven-tenths of the clubs in Paris; and the facts are simply these—that seven-tenths of the clubs are nothing but gambling hells; that club life, as we understand it, does not exist, except in a few isolated cases; and that the scandals that reach the public's ear are not the worst that happen. There are not halfa-dozen genuine "members' clubs," and there is not a single proprietary one which does not depend for its maintenance upon the cagnotte—Anglicé, "Kitty." To begin with, the Frenchman, and especially the Parisian, does not go to his club to have a chat with his friends or to read the papers. He can do both at a café—and there are few Parisians or Frenchmen, even of the highest class, that deliberately shun the café.

The Jockey Club is the first and foremost institution of its kind in France. It numbers about eight hundred members, and the annual subscription is 350 f. (£14), plus 100 f. subscription to the Society for the Improvement of Horse-Breeding, the improvement of horse-breeding being the ostensible raison d'être of the Jockey Club. Its income, then, is about £11,000; for the 100 f. of each member is really devoted to the encouragement of horse-breeding. Out of this £11,000 it pays for rent, rates, and taxes alone over £7500; for lighting and firing, £1500. The sum seems large, but is correct, for both gas and coal are very daar in Paris, and electricity dearer still. Its staff of servants costs £2500, exclusive of its personnel in the kitchen, which runs away with over £1500. Whence is the deficiency made up? Mainly from the "Kitty," which yields £8000 per annum. The majority of the members of the Jockey Club are wealthy men, who would not hesitate to put their hands in their pockets if a serious deficit were to stare them in the face and the same might be said of two, at the outside three, other clubs in Paris—namely, the Cercle de l'Union Artistique, better known as "Les Mirlitons," and the Cercle Agricole, known as "Les Mirlitons," and the Cercle Agricole, known as "Les Mirlitons, and the Cercle Agricole, the course of imitation counters; the Mirlitons has been compelled to close its doors against two of its members for various reasons. Of course, a great many

scandals are hushed up, unless they become so flagrant as that of the Cercle de la Rue Royale, since then transformed into Le Nouveau Cercle.

The Cercle de la Rue Royale did for steeplechasing what the Jockey Club does for flat-racing; a great many of the French aristocracy belonged to both clubs. Nevertheless, on Saturday, Feb. 11, 1884, one of the members discovered several marked cards in the five or six packs of which the pile was composed. The usual attendant to the card-room, who was absent at the time, was subsequently arrested in his room within the building itself, and under his bed was found a box containing four thousand pounds in public securities and about fifty packs of cards. The same servant, under the pretext that he was short of money, had asked the secretary of the club for an advance of fifty francs but a few days before. The Juge d'Instruction failed to worm his secret out of him; and after a month's imprisonment (on remand, as it were) was obliged to let him go. His accomplice among the members was never discovered, or, if discovered, quietly got rid of. These are the highest clubs in the fair land of France; what the others are—those against which the journalists on their trial started their so-called campaign—may be guessed. As for the blackmailing practices of which those journalists are accused, the wolves—the poor, flayed proprietors of those gambling hells—might say with the wolf in the fable: "If it was not you it was your brother, or your cousin," etc. There is a French proverb: "Les deux font la paire"; it is the equivalent for our homely English one: "Six of one and a half-dozen of the others." It applies in this instance if ever it did.

In the London County Council election the Non-conformists as a rule are polling enthusiastically for the Progressives. One or two prominent Nonconformist Unionists are taking the other side, but they have not a large following. On the other hand, the Church of England, as represented both by her newspapers and her clergy, is much more cautious than before, and is taking care not to commit herself absolutely to the Moderate side.

Telegram from Russia.

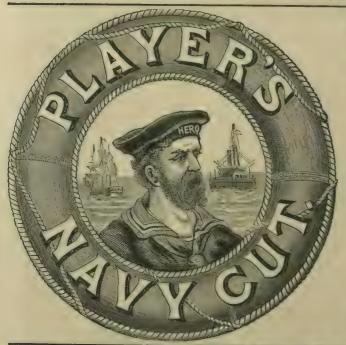
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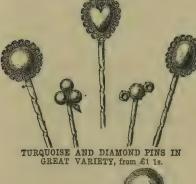
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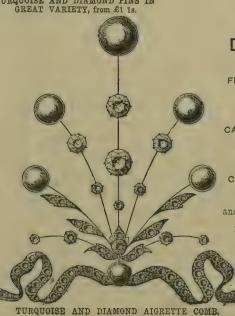
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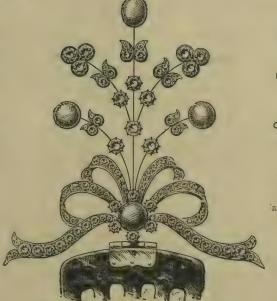






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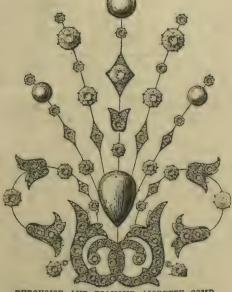
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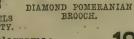
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BOND STREE

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Scotch Confirmation, under scal of the Sheriff Court of Aberdeen, Kincardine, and Banff, of the general trust, disposition, and settlement (dated Dec. 10, 1890) and relative codicil (dated Dec. 18 following) of Mr. John Crombie, of Balgownie Lodge, Aberdeen, manufacturer, who died on Nov. 16, granted to Mrs. Jane Sang or Crombie, the widow, George Sang, John William Crombie, and James Edward Crombie, the sons, and John Crombie, the nephew, the accepting executors nominate, was scaled in London on Jan. 5, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to £253,262.

The will (dated Aug. 15, 1881) of Mr. John Chesshire, of Rotton Park Lodge, Rotton Park Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham, who died on Nov. 7, was proved at the Birmingham District Registry on Jan. 10 by the Rev. John Stanley Chesshire and the Rev. James Lamb Chesshire, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £152,043. There are gifts of various freehold and leasehold properties, stocks, securities, and moneys to or upon trust for each of his three children, and legacies to grandchildren, clerks, servants, and others. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, the testator leaves

one-third upon trust for his daughter, Adelaide Elizabeth, and one-third each to his sons, John Stanley and James Lamb.

The will and codicil (both dated Aug. 9, 1893) of Mr. John Paley, J.P., D.L., of Ampton Hall, near Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, who died on Oct. 4, were proved on Feb. 7 by William Victor Paley, the brother, the Hon. Robert Marsham Townshend, the Hon. Richard Strutt, and the Hon. Edward Gerald Strutt, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £123,645. The testator bequeaths an immediate legacy of £1000 and certain jewellery, books, papers, furniture, and effects to his wife, the Hon. Clara Emily Charlotte Paley; £35,000, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his children or remoter descendants as she shall appoint; an annuity of £200 to his niece, Evangeline Hoare, during the life of her father and mother, or either of them; and £200 each to his executors. He gives his wife the right to occupy Ampton Hall until his son Arthur attains twenty-five, and on her ceasing to reside there, £1500 to furnish another house, and he declares that the provision made by his will for his wife is in addition to that made for her by settlement. All his real and leasehold property, and the residue

or his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his firstborn or only son who shall attain twenty-five or die under that age, leaving issue.

The will (dated June 25, 1894), of Mrs. Anna Myburgh, of 31, Queen's Gate Gardens, South Kensington, who died on Nov. 21, was proved on Feb. 6 by John James Hamilton, Colonel John Spence, and John Charles Tucker Steward, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £57,967. The testatrix states that under the will of her father, Alexander McDonald, she has already appointed £30,000 each to her daughters Mrs. Frances Anna Harrison and Mrs. Jeannie Hilda McDonald Curteis on their respective marriages, and she now appoints £30,000 to her daughter Evelyn McDonald Myburgh, and the remainder of the funds she has power to appoint under the said will to her son Alexander McDonald Myburgh. She bequeaths £500 each to her executors; some browery shares of the value of £800 to her maid, Emily Mary Claridge; all her silver and plated articles to her said son; her lace, jewellery, and trinkets to be divided between her daughters, and her furniture and effects to be divided between all her children. The residue of her real and personal estate, including the one moiety of the trust funds





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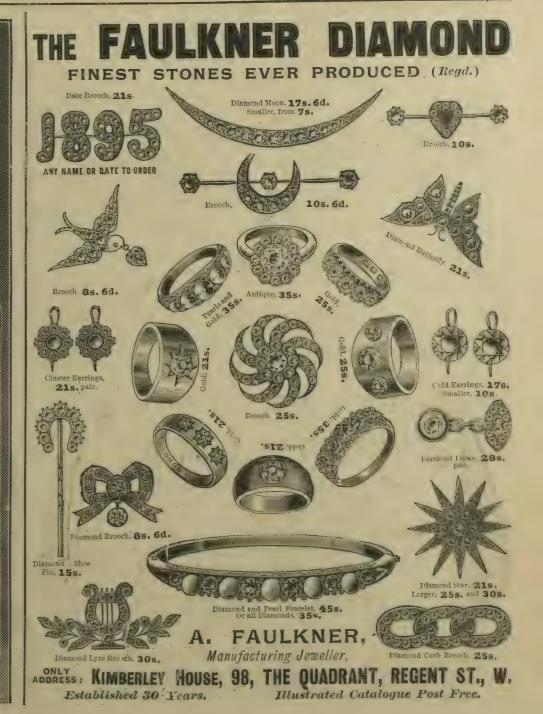
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NOTE-IMPORTANT.

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under her marriage settlement she has power to appoint, she leaves, upon trust, for her son Alexander McDonald

The will (dated Jan. 31, 1893) of Mr. Reginald Thistlethwayte Cocks, of 29, Stanhope Gardens, Queen's Gate, who died on Jan. 13, was proved on Feb. 11 by Edward Lygon Somers Cocks, the nephew, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £44,586. The testator bequeaths £200 to his executor; and legacies to his butler, footman, and another servant. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he gives to his daughter, Agneta Henrietta Cocks.

The will (dated March 14, 1893) of the Rev. Brymer Belcher, of Bodiam Vicarage, Hawkhurst, Kent, who died on Nov. 25, was proved on Feb. 5 by the Rev. Gilbert Edward Belcher and Hugh Walter Belcher, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £41,770. The testator devises all his real estate in the county of Lincoln to the use of his eldest son, Gilbert Edward, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons execution to execution to the county of the content of the county according to seniority in tail male; and certain family portraits and other articles are made heirlooms to go with the said estate. He bequeaths £1000 and all his plate, linen, china, glass, wines, and consumable stores to his eldest son; £6000 to his daughter Mary Catharine Belcher; £6000, upon trust, for the children of his late daughter, Catharine Brymer Fitzgerald; and legacies to indoor and outdoor servants. There are specific gifts of several freehold and leasehold properties to his sons Hugh Walter and

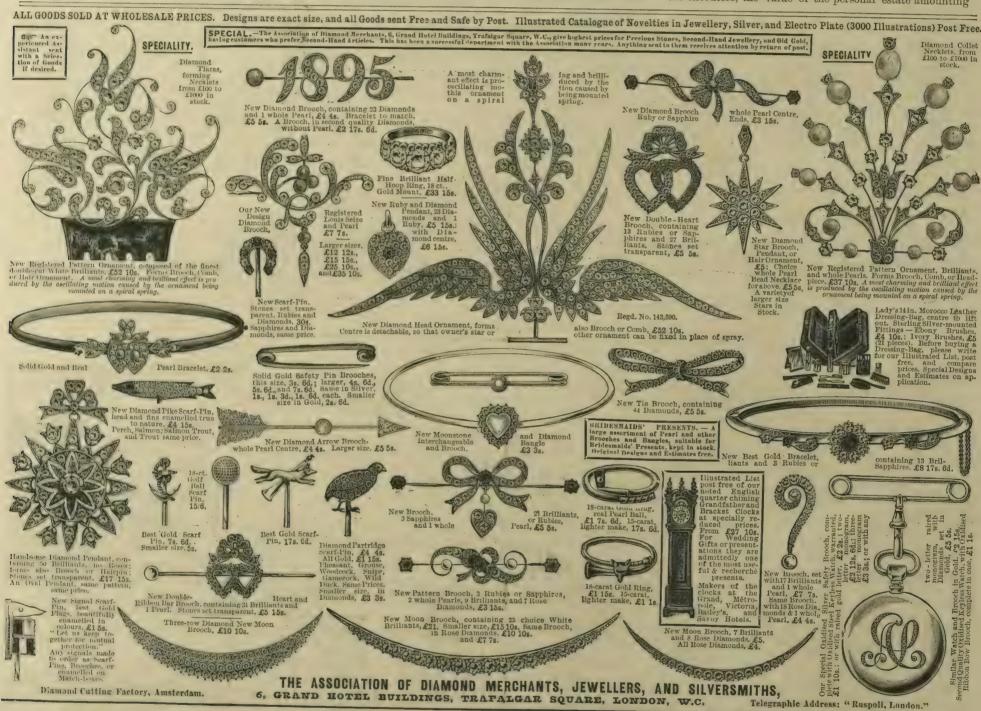
Edmund Charles, but the respective values are to be brought into account in the division of the residue. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to all his children (except the child who shall succeed to the Lincolnshire estates), the children of any deceased child to take their parent's share.

The will (dated Jan. 20, 1894) of Mr. William Edward Hall, J.P., the well-known writer upon international law, of Coker Court, near Yeovil, Somersetshire, barrister-at-law, who died on Nov. 30, was proved on Feb. 7 by Thomas Erskine Holland, and Vice-Admiral Lord Charles Thomas Montagu-Douglas-Scott, C.B., the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £27,667. testator, after making one or two bequests, leaves the residue of his real and personal estate upon trust for his wife for life, and then to pay £500 per annum to his cousin Juliana, Lady Barnard, for life. The ultimate residue he gives to Charles Scott, the son of his cousin Ada Mary (Lady Charles Scott) and the said Lord Charles T. Montagu-Douglas-Scott.

The will (dated Oct. 26, 1880) of Sir Edmund Anthony Harley Lechmere, Bart., M.P., of Rhydd Court, Hanley Castle, Worcestershire, and 61, Curzon Street, Mayfair, who died on Dec. 18 at Pershore, was proved on Feb. 13 by Cecil James Stephens, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £24,293. The testator gives £100 to his executor; 13, Bolton Street, South Kensington, with the furniture and effects and

certain effects at Rhydd Court to his wife, Louisa Rosamond, Lady Lechmere; the remainder of his furniture and effects, subject to the use of part by his wife for life, to his son who shall first attain twenty-one, and he wishes it to be arranged for his wife to reside at Rhydd Court; the Hornyold lands in the parish of Hanley Castle, and the Timberdene estate in the parish of St. Peter, Worcester, to his son Anthony Hungerford; an annuity of £200, St. John's Gate and the Old Jerusalem Tavern, Clerkenwell, and the advowson of St. John's, Clerkenwell, to his son Joscelyne Alban; and an annuity of £150 to his sister, Madame Louisa Augusta d'Arras, and the £2000 which he will become entitled to at her death to be divided among her children. He devises all his estates, messuages, lands, tenements, and hereditaments in the counties of Worcester, York, and Gloucester, except what he has otherwise devised, and the advowsons of the parishes of Hanley Castle, Eldersfield, and Whitwell, to his son Edmund Charles, and he also gives him all his capital and share in the Old Bank, Worcester and Torrhesh (Times) share in the Old Bank, Worcester and Tewkesbury. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for the first son of his who shall attain twenty-one.

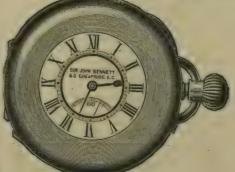
The will (dated Aug. 20. 1894) of Lady Eleanor Cecily Clifton, of Sholebrooke Lodge, near Towcester, Northamptonshire, who died on Nov. 24, was proved at the Northampton District Registry on Jan. 16 by James William Lowther, M.P., the nephew, and Thomas Fair, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting





SIR JOHN BENNETT,

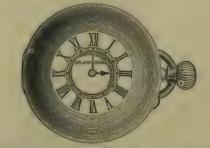
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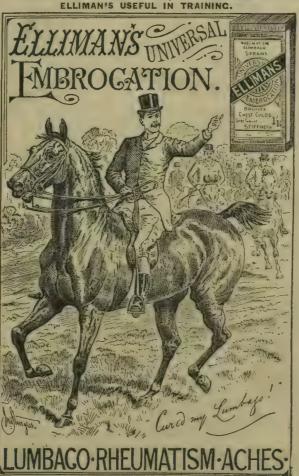
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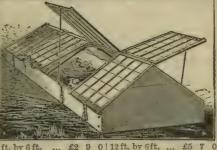
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to £22,234. The testatrix expresses a wish to be buried quietly, without pall, hearse, plumes, scarves, or hat-bands, that no luncheon be provided for the guests, and to be carried from the hall through the wood and church lodge on the parish bier. She bequeaths £1200 to her grandson, Caryl Charles Clifton; £1000, upon trust, for her grand-daughter, Constance Gertrude Cecily Cumming-Bruce; and there are many other pecuniary and specific bequests. The residue of her personal estate she gives to her grandson, Arthur Harry Clifton.

The will (dated Jan. 15, 1891) of Miss Christina Georgina Rossetti, of 30, Torrington Square, who died on Dec. 29, was proved on Feb. 11 by William Michael

Rossetti, the brother and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £13,371. The testatrix-bequeaths £2000 to her said brother, as a mark of gratitude for having given her a home for so many years; and an immediate legacy of £25 and an annuity of £100 to her aunt, Eliza Harriet Polidori. The residue of her estate and effective to her said brother as a mark of her eighty effective for his expectation. of her sisterly affection, for his own absolute use.

Lord Rosebery had an interesting dinner-party on Feb. 13, the guests being divided between politicians and littérateurs. Among the latter were "Anthony Hope," whose brilliant dialogues and stories have delighted the

Prime Minister; Sir John R. Robinson and Mr. Herbert Paul, M.P., both of the Daily News; Sir Wemyss Reid, of the Speaker, and Mr. Augustine Birrell, M.P. Lord Rosebery is a charming host, and on this occasion the table-talk was particularly good. One of the guests was Mr. N. Waterfield, the accomplished and invaluable private secretary to the Prime Minister.

Mr. Edward Walford's quartet of handy little books dealing with the "Peerage," "Baronetage," "Knightage," and "House of Commons," in separate shilling volumes (Chatto and Windus) deserves a word of welcome. Once more they prove the truth of the proverb concerning good things being wrapped up in small parcels.

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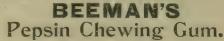
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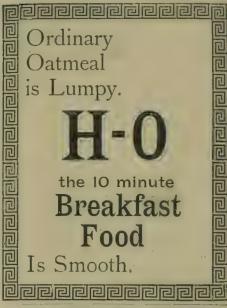
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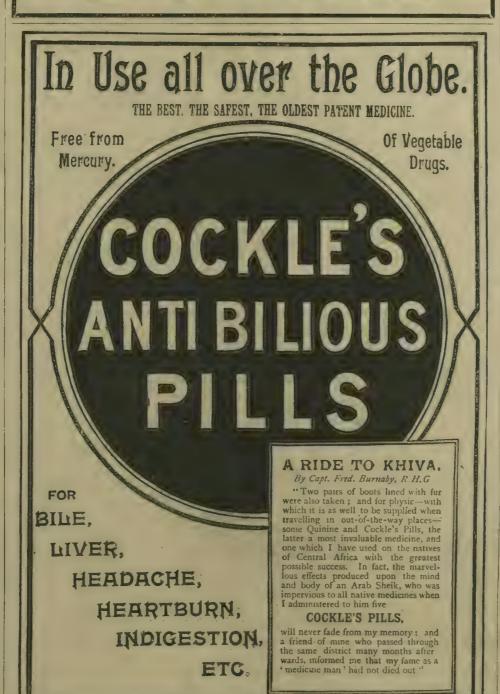
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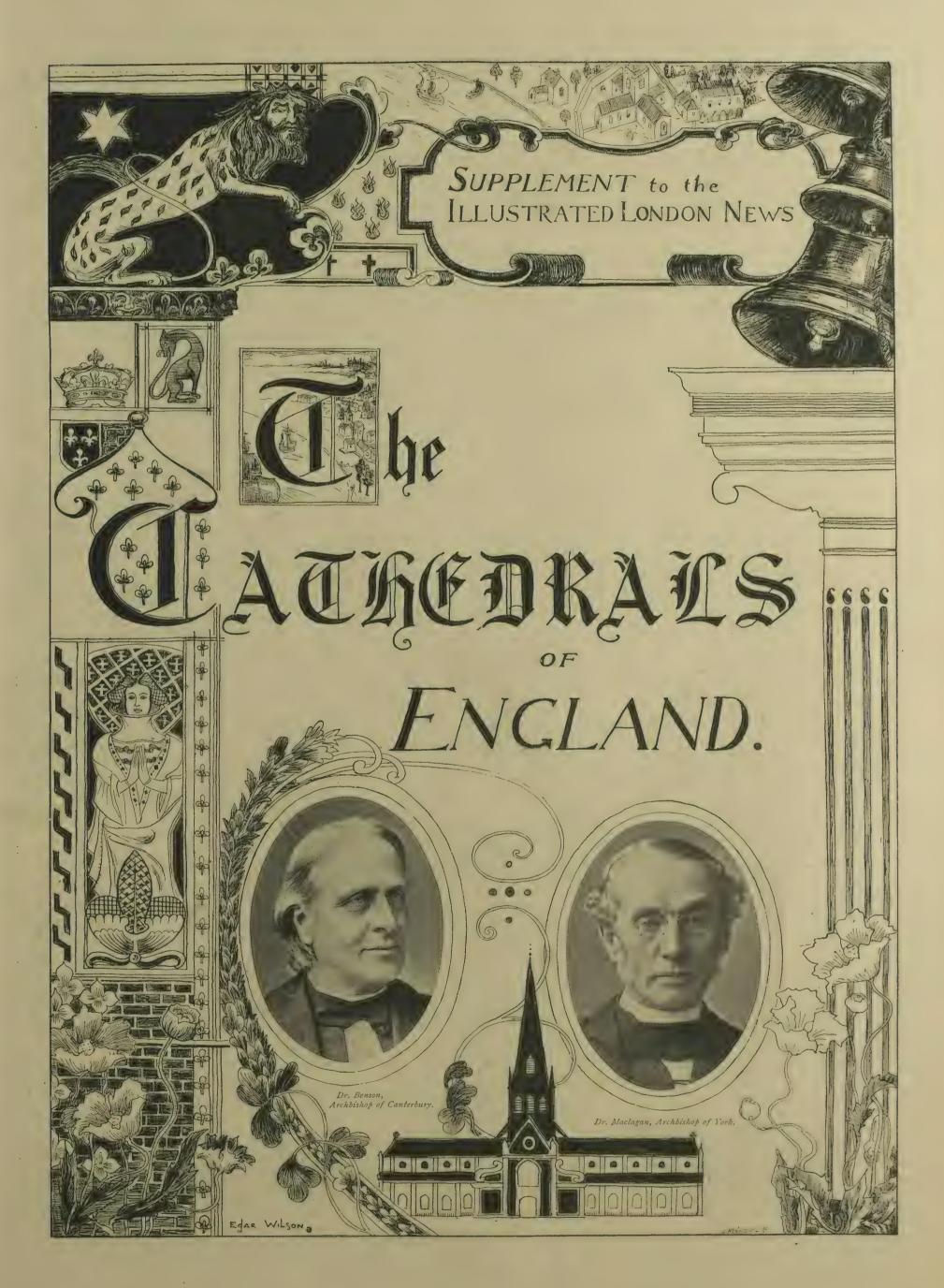
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JEOPARDY OF LIFE-THE GREAT DANGER OF VITIATED AIR.

"Former generations perished in vental ignorance of all sanitary laws. When Black Death massacred hundreds of thousands, neither the victims nor their rulers could be accounted responsible for their slaughter.

When the land was neither drained nor cultivated, Ague was one of the most fatal diseases in our country. Oliver Cromwell died from it at Somerset House in 1658; it has now nearly ceased to exist. The Plague, another form of blood-poison, at one time a most malignant disease bearing a close resemblance to severe Typhus Fever; and what we now call Epidemic Typhus would, some few centuries back, have been Plague. At the time this fearful disease desolated Europe, Asia, and Africa, in the fourteenth century, the deaths were immense; it has been calculated that Europe alone lost 25,000,000 of inhabitants by it. The last time this disease visited England nearly one-third of London died. We now know that those fearful diseases are generated by inattention to sanitary laws, insufficient food, foul air, &c. The reason that these laws have been neglected so long is, that the poison requires time to hatch; its effects are rarely, if ever, seen suddenly. It would be cheaper in the end (ignoring the suffering) to have a competent staff of sanitary inspectors to visit every dwelling at stated periods. Some few persons at present understand the laws of health; but these are at the mercy of the ignorant and careless. If I were to mention the many and various discases caused or produced by blood-poison, it would require more space than I have at command.

FOR THE FUTURE ELECTION;

A HOME RULE ELYSIUM.

"A CLEAR SKY in a PLACE LIKE LONDON,

CLEARER and CLEANER STREETS;

THE EMANCIPATION in CLOSE PLACES

OF ONE PERSON from

THE EMPOISONED BREATH and

EMANATIONS of ANOTHER;

ROOM to BREATHE.

THESE are the BLESSINGS

THE PEOPLE are LOOKING FOR

FROM THEIR SANITARY DELIVERERS." RICHARDSON.

"THE MOST SOLEMN TRUTH

HIS PROFESSION HAD TAUGHT HIM was that

NATURE WAS IMPLACABLE;

SHE NEVER FORGOT, and

SHE NEVER FORGAVE.

THEY MUST BE IN THE CUSTODY of TWO

EXPERIENCE and UNDERSTANDING,

OR THEY WOULD ALWAYS and

EVERYWHERE BE LED ASTRAY."
SHE ANDREW CLARK on Health.

THE MORAL OF THE WHOLE!

HEALTH OF BODY AND MIND

IS THE ONLY TRUE STANDARD OF

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS TO PRODUCE

A HOME RULE ELYSIUM.

THEN YOU WILL HAVE

DISEASE ALMOST A THING OF THE PAST.

BUT NOT UNTIL THEN.

WHAT MIND CAN GRASP the LOSS to MANKIND

NO CORONER OR SANITARY TRIBUNAL

TO DECIDE THE GUILT FOR SUCH

ARRAY OF PREVENTIBLE DEATH.

WHAT DASHES to the EARTH so many HOPES,

THE BREADWINNERS OF FAMILIES.

AND SUCH is HUMAN LIFE: so GLIDING ON,

IT GLIMMERS LIKE a METEOR, and is GONE.

THE BREATH of THIS LIFE, FRESH AIR.

WHAT IS MANY THOUSAND TIMES

MORE HORRIBLE THAN ANARCHISM or WAR?

OUTRAGED NATURE-SHE KILLS, AND KILLS,

AND IS NEVER TIRED OF KILLING, TILL SHE HAS TAUGHT MAN THE TERRIBLE LESSON THAT NATURE IS ONLY CONQUERED BY OBEYING

THE ANTIDOTE-AVOID IMPURE AIR AND

A GREAT BATTLE FOR (HUMAN) CONSTITUTION USE "ENO'S FRUIT SALT."

So might thou live, till, like ripe fruit, thou drop Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease Gathered, not harshly plucked, for death.



GREAT DANGER of BREATHING IMPURE AIR.—In about two and a half minutes all the blood contained in the human system, amounting in the adult to nearly three gallons, traverses the respiratory surface. Everyone, then, who breathes an impure atmosphere two and a half minutes has every particle of his blood acted on by the vitiating air. Every particle has become less vital—less capable of repairing structures or of carrying on functions; and the longer such air is respired the more impure it becomes, and the more corrupted grows the blood. There is not a point in the human frame but has been traversed by vitiated blood—not a point but must have suffered injury. GREAT DANGER OF BREATHING IMPURE

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is the best-known remedy; it removes fortid or poisonous matter (the groundwork of disease) from the blood by natural means, allays nervous excitement, depression, and restores the nervous system to its proper condition. Use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." It is pleasant, soothing, and invigorating. You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the blood pure and free from disease.

"EGYPT, Cairo.—Since my arrival in Egypt in August

"I USED my FRUIT SALT freely in my last severe attack of fever, and I have every reason to say I believe it saved my life.—J. C. ENO."

HEADACHE and DISORDERED STOMACH.—"After suffering two and a half years from severe headache and disordered stomach, and after trying almost everything without any benefit, I was recommended to try ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' and before I had finished one bottle I found it doing me a great deal of good, and am now restored to my usual health. And others I know that have tried it have not enjoyed such good health for years.—Yours most truly, ROBERT HUMPHREYS, Post Office, Barrasford."

BANGKOK, SIAM — Important to all Travellers.—
"We have for the last four years used ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' during several important survey expeditions in the Malay Peninsula, Siam, and Cambodia, and have undoubtedly derived great benefit from it. In one instance only was one of our party attacked with fever during that period, and that happened after our supply of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' had run out. When making long marches under the powerful rays of a vertical sun, or travelling through swampy districts, we have used ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' two or three times a day. ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' acts as a gentle aperient, keeps the blood cool and healthy, and wards off fever. We have pleasure in voluntarily testifying to the value of your preparation and our firm belief in its efficacy. We never go into the jungle without it, and have also recommended it to others.—Yours truly, Commander A. J. LOPTUS, his Siamese Majesty's Hydrographer, E. C. DAVIDSON, Superintendent Siamese Government Telegraphs, Bangkok, Siam, 1883.—To J. C. Eno, Esq."

DRAWING an OVERDRAFT on the BANK of LIFE.

Late Hours, Fagged, Unnatural Excitement, Breathing Impure Air, too Rich Food, Alcoholic Drink, Gouty, Rheumatic, and other Blood Poisons, Fevers, Feverish Colds, Influenza, Steeplessness, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Skin Eruptions, Pimples on the Face, Want of Appetite, Sourness of Stomach, &c.

TISE ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."

IT PREVENTS DIARRHŒA and REMOVES it in

IT is pleasant, cooling, health-giving, refreshing,

YOU cannot overstate its great value

IN KEEPING the BLOOD PURE and FREE FROM $_{\rm DISEASE.}$

WITHOUT such a SIMPLE PRECAUTION the

TEOPARDY of LIFE is IMMENSELY INCREASED. THERE is no doubt that where it has been

TAKEN in the EARLIEST STAGES of a DISEASE IT has in MANY INSTANCES PREVENTED what

WOULD otherwise have been a SEVERE ILLNESS.

THE value of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" CANNOT be

ITS success in EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA, AMERICA,

A USTRALIA, and NEW ZEALAND proves it.

TMPORTANT TO ALL.

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" ASSISTS

THE FUNCTIONS of the LIVER, BOWELS.

SKIN, and KIDNEYS by NATURAL MEANS;

THUS the BLOOD is FREED from POISONOUS or

OTHER HURTFUL MATTERS.

THE FOUNDATIONS and GREAT DANGER of

IT is IMPOSSIBLE to OVERSTATE its GREAT VALUE. ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" PREVENTS

ANY OVER-ACID STATE of the BLOOD.

IT SHOULD be KEPT in EVERY BED-ROOM,

IN READINESS for any EMERGENCY.

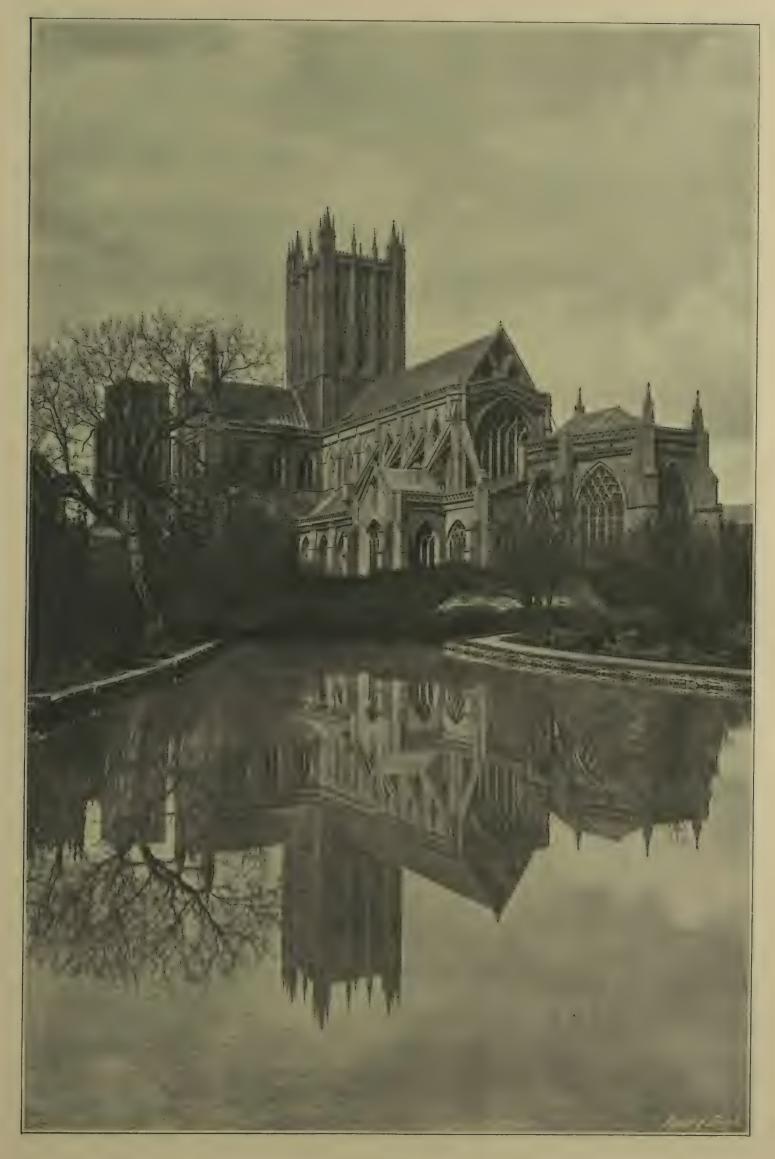
BE CAREFFUL to AVOID RASH ACIDULATED SALINES, and use ENO'S "FRUIT SALIT." Only truth can give true reputation. Only reality can be of real profit. The secret of success—sterling honesty of purpose. Without it life is a sham.

CAUTION.—EXAMINE EACH BOTTLE, and see that the capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation.

Prepared only at ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

The Cathedrals of England.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRITH, REIGATE.



WELLS CATHEDRAL.



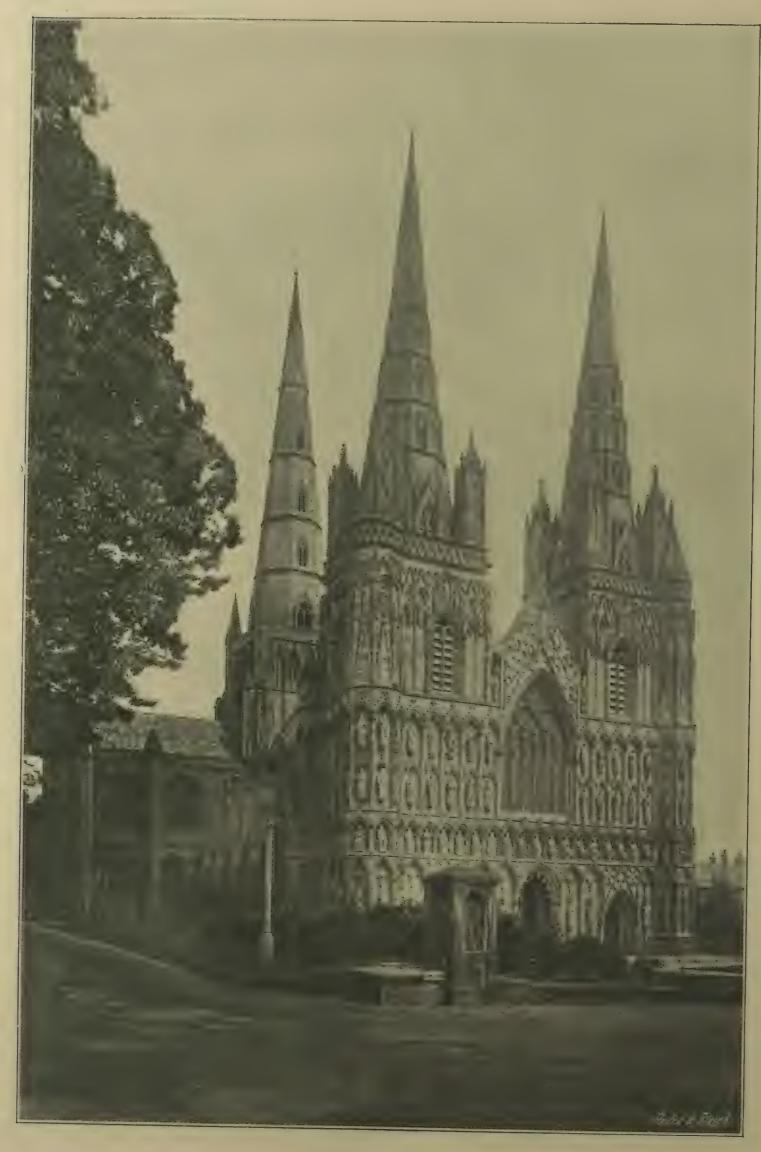
WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.



HEREFORD CATHEDRAL.



ELY CATHEDRAL.



LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL.



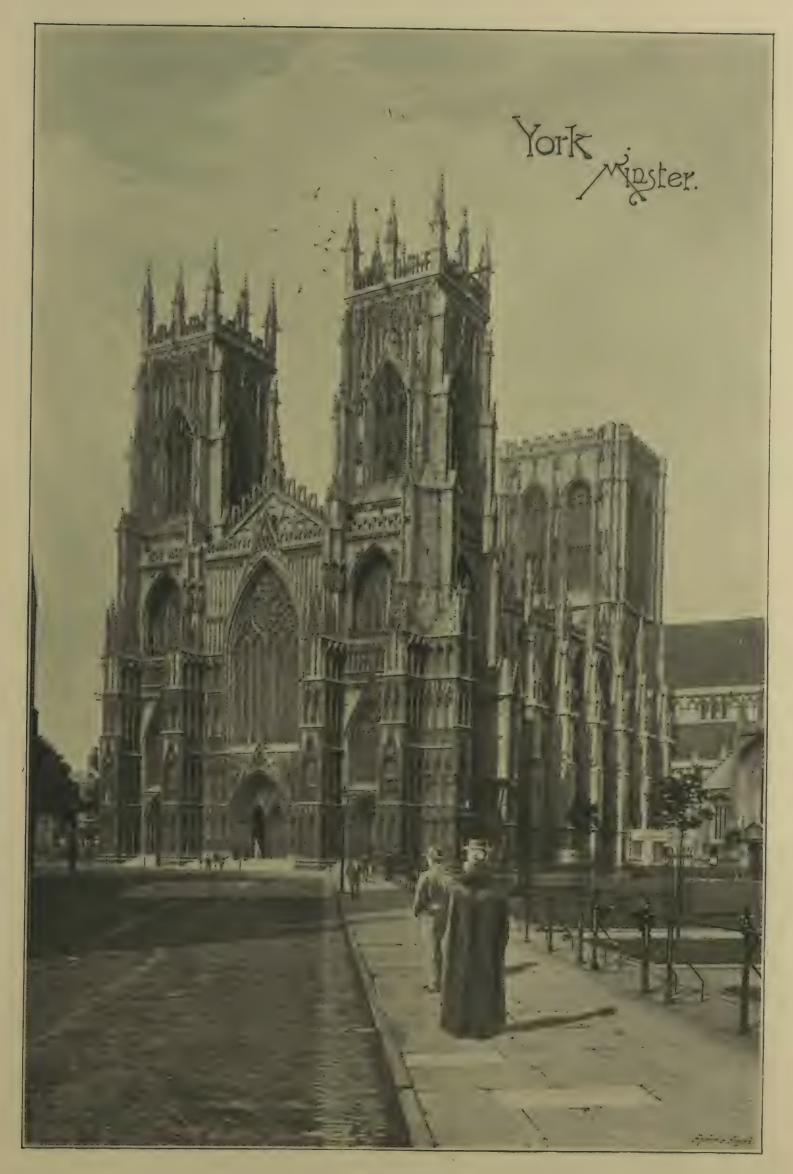
PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.



LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.



· CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.



YORK MINSTER



DURHAM CATHEDRAL.



RIPON CATHEDRAL.



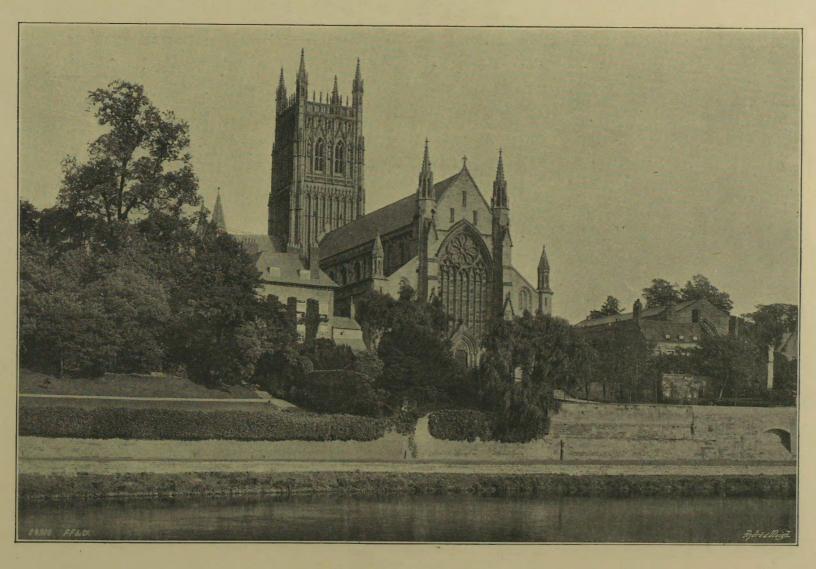
SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.



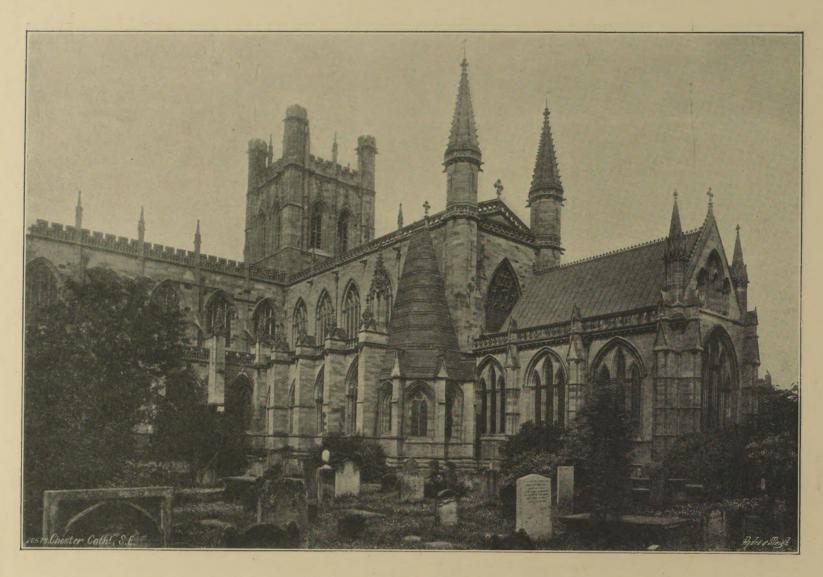
EXETER CATHEDRAL.



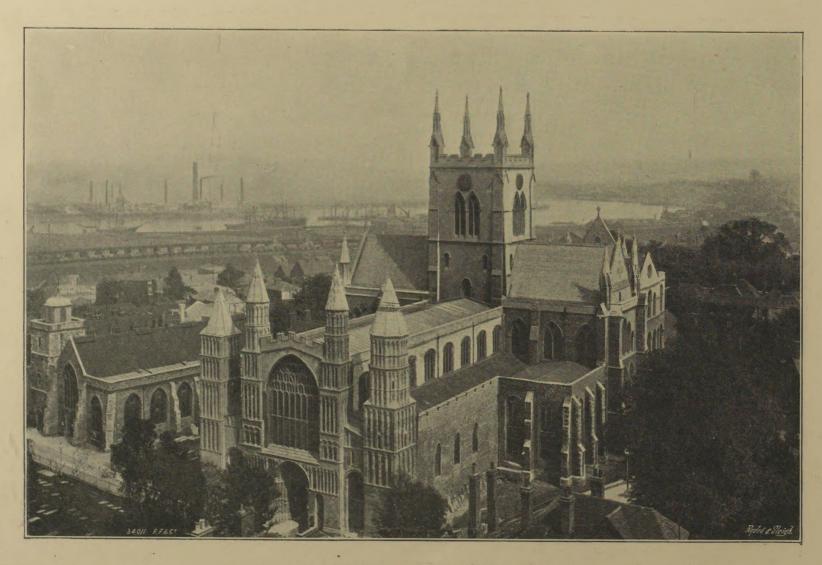
GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL.



WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.



CHESTER CATHEDRAL.



ROCHESTER CATHEDRAL,

Soap which received the highest The has awards in the World is

WINOLIA.

It is—

SO PURE, SO EMOLLIENT, SO BLAND,

that its foamy lather agrees with every skin. We now supply

VINOLIA SOAP BASIS

laden with the following choice scents so that users can satisfy their predilections for this or that perfume, and at the same time have THE Soap of the Medical Profession as well as of the social and scientific world generally. The best soap for the complexion.

LIST OF NEW VINOLIA SOAPS.

2d.

SOAPS 2d.

Blondeau's Brown Windsor Soap.

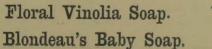
- Oatmeal Soap.
- Honey Soap.
- Elder Flower Soap.
- Almond & Glycerine Soap.
- White Rose & Cucumber Soap.

SOAPS

Premier Vinolia Soap. (Note the Price) Carbolic Vinolia Soap.

Coal Tar Vinolia Soap. Terebene Vinolia Soap. Sulphur Vinolia Soap.

6d. SOAPS 6d.



Blondeau's Cucumber & Glycerine Soap.

8d.

SOAPS

8d.

Balsamic Vinolia Soap. Blondeau's Lys de France Soap.

- Cold Cream Soap. Maréchal Niel Soap.
- Oriental Soap. Heliotrope Soap.
- Musk Lavender Soap.
- Jequilla Soap. Marequil Soap.
- Lettuce Soap.

10d. SOAPS

Toilet (Otto) Vinolia Soap. Blondeau's White Rose & Cucumber Soap.

Is. SOAPS ls.

> Blondeau's Violet Soap. Opoponax Soap.

2s. 6d. SOAP 2s. 6d.

Vestal Vinolia Soap.

For the Complexion.



For the Complexion.



For the Complexion.



For the Complexion.



For the Complexion.



For the Complexion.



For the Complexion.



For the Complexion.



For the Complexion.



For the Complexion.



For the Complexion.



For the Complexion.



For the Complexion.



For the Complexion.



For the Complexion.



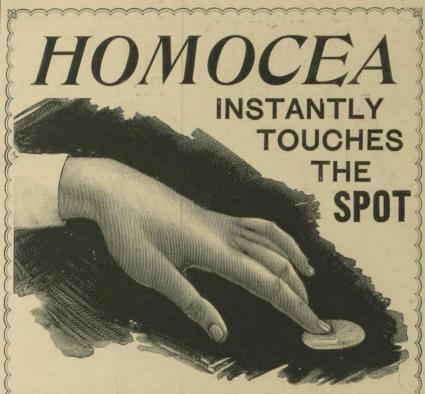
For the Complexion.



For the Complexion.



For the Complexion.



Afflicted with Neuralgia, Lumbago, Paralysis, Convulsions, Bruises, Strained Muscles, Pains in Joints, Aches and Sprains, Eczema, Burns, Tooth-Ache, Face-Ache, Chilblains, Boils, Ulcers, Stings, Chaps, and all kindred ills and complaints.

Only quite recently has this marvellous remedy been before the public. During this short time the marvellous cures that have been effected, and the shoals of important testimonials that have been received, have been absolutely unprecedented in the history of the world. Homocea forms a medicine chest in itself, and is absolutely invaluable in every household.

"Homocea" should be in every Cottage, Palace, Workshop, Barracks, Police-Station, Hospital, and Institution—and wherever a Fain-Relieving, Soothing, and Curative Lubricant is likely to be required. No discovery in the world of Healing Remedies has had such high testimony.





For Chilblains, Chaps, Roughness, Red Noses, Coughs, and Colds in the Head, Homocea stands unrivalled as a universal and permanent cure and preventative. The scantiest application generally gives relief.

"I was persuaded to use Homocea for Chilblain, to which I am a martyr, after two applications the chilblains disappeared, though this severe weather is still with us as I write."

ETHEL COMYNS.

I I have to

9, Arundel Street, Srand, London, W.C.

What Shakespeare says about Homocea.

"A sovereign cure."-

Sonnet CLIII.

HOMOCEA.

"The remedy indeed to do me good."---

"Thou art a cure fit for a king."—

Henry VIII., Act II., s. 2.

"It is a thing most precious."

Cymbeline, Act III., s. 5.

"Made me happy, or else I often had been miserable."—

Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act IV., s. 1.

"It smells most sweetly in my senses, a delicate odour

as ever hit my nostrils."—

Pericles, Act III., s. 2.

"Charm for the toothache."-

Much Ado, Act III., s. 2.

"It's good to soothe him."-

Comedy of Errors, Act IV., s. I.

"Golden opinions from all sorts of people."-

Macbeth, Act I., s. 7.

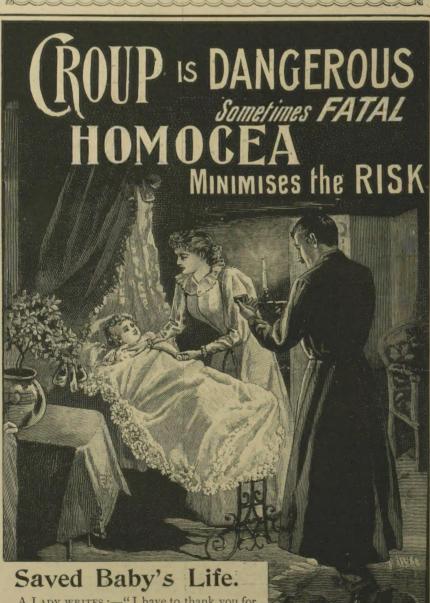
"To blush and beautify the cheek again."—

Henry VI. (2) Act III., s. 2.

HOMOCEA

Is Safe, Sure, Simple, & Speedy.

Homocea is sold by Dealers in Medicine at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box, or can be had direct from Homocea Co., 21, Hamilton Square, Birkenhead, post free, 1s.3d. and 3s. Postal Orders preferred. Hooper, Chemist, 43, King William Street, London Bridge, sells it.



A LADY WRITES:—"I have to thank you for the service of your valuable Homocea, for I can testify with truth it saved the life of my dear baby. It had bronchitis and whooping cough severely after measles. . . I sent for some, and rubbed it thoroughly on baby's chest, back, and soles of its feet, and in ten minutes the dear little lamb could take nourishment, and is now doing well."